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A TRIP TO EUROPE

WITH

A GLIMPSE OF AFRICA

INCLUDING

GIBRALTAR ALGIERS NAPLES ROME PISA
FLORENCE VENICE ZURICH THE RHINE
COLOGNE THE HAGUE BRUSSELS
PARIS VERSAILLES LONDON
LIVERPOOL AND OTHER
EUROPEAN CITIES

BY

JENNIE KIGHT NESBITT

Delegate from West Virginia to the World's Sunday School Convention held in Zurich.

HERALD PRINTING HOUSE,
Piedmont, W. Va.
1914

THE COLISEUM, ROME

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AUG 27 1914
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A TRIP TO EUROPE

WITH

A GLIMPSE OF AFRICA

The trip across the Atlantic is such an everyday affair now that it scarcely arouses comment outside of the immediate neighborhood of the traveler. However, there is only one first time to every new experience and I can conceive of no more inspiring venture than the first trip across the water with a strange world awaiting on the other side—a world of which you have dreamed all your conscious life.

There are two classes of travelers on every ship—those who have been over and those who have not—the seasoned sailor and the "first tripper." If the latter is ambitious to get out all there is in it he will not attempt to conceal his inexperience. The old timer is generous with advice and information, from which the novice may glean much that will come handy as he goes along.

For instance, it is something to know that the higher you are in the superstructure the more perceptible the rolling of the vessel. Consequently a state-room and dining-saloon at a lower level are more conducive to a comfortable voyage.

It is well to know that a steamer chair placed in a sheltered spot amid ship means comfort on deck. At sea one eats and sleeps under cover, but lives in the open. The wise prepare for outdoor life with wrap and rug, even for the southern tour.

The voyage of which I write may be of interest to the experienced traveler because of its unusual character. Not often do four hundred people for one purpose and for one destination assemble on one vessel for a journey of 12000 miles. The great World Sunday School Convention at Zurich, Switzerland, was the common interest that soon changed a crowd of strangers into one great, jovial, busy family.

There were hours for preliminary work for the convention, to which earnest attention was given, but the games on deck were as absorbing in their turn as were the lectures in the saloon. The social life was as cheery as the home-coming of a divided family.

Every detail of the tour had been perfected before we sailed. From Boston back to Boston every day's needs had been provided for and prices fixed by the transportation committee of the Sunday School Association. At Naples the complete itinerary was put into the hands of an experienced tourist manager for execution.

Eight vessels sailed from North America with chartered accommodations for delegates, each giving a different tour. I selected the White Star Liner "Canopic" because of the friends I would meet and because it gave the Mediterranean trip early in the season. Other vessels took the northern route going, returning through Italy. A shorter tour was via Cherbourg, France, to Zurich. One party sailed May first to the Holy Land and Egypt, returning via Naples to the convention. Still another company of twenty-nine headed by Mr. Heinz, of Pittsburg, left San Francisco March first. They constituted a committee of inspection, visiting the mission schools of Hawaii, Philippines, Japan and China. They reached Zurich via the Siberian railroad. This committee was cordially received by the rulers of the countries visited and shown every courtesy. They held conferences and conventions, learned actual conditions and found new needs. They paid their own expenses. Nothing was drawn from any fund for this tour of inspection. Their report at the convention was wonderful.

The Canopic party represented all denominations and all sections of North America. Three were from Mexico, a large number from Canada, the remainder from every section of the United States. No one asked or seemed to care what religious denomination claimed his neighbor. The honored guest was Bishop Vincent, of the Methodist church. This venerable man was cared for most tenderly by Dr. Bucher and son, of Cincinnati.

A number of the American officers of the association were aboard. These leading men are wealthy laymen who spare neither themselves nor their money in working out their theory that the regeneration of the race should begin with the training of the children. That it is easier to mold character in the making than to reform that which was spoiled in the making.

The sea is a never ending yet ever varying source of delight. The green of the coast changes to the deep sea blue as we recede from land, and the white spray thrown up from the rush of the vessel falls back in sparkling irridescent hues.

To get the full enjoyment of it all one should sit alone sometimes in a quiet spot, and let the shining moonlit sea tell the story of ages upon ages of just such nights as have passed under the will of the same God whom we love and who cares for us, and of the marvelously perfect system that prevails in the ordering of everything from the life cycle of the microcosmic organism in the caves and on the rocks a mile beneath your feet, to the remote stellar bodies whose paths in space are fixed and absolute. Such a quiet hour brings a sense of security and peace that over-rides fear and brings a night of restful sleep.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

The first development of social life on shipboard is along the line of least resistance, afterward by natural selection. The first thing in order is getting settled for living in the state room The comfort of the voyage is a common interest here, and one naturally establishes the first social relations with her room-mate. The assigning of places at table follows. At each plate is found a full passenger list which helps to associate names and faces. A blessing preceded every meal. Mutual introductions marked the first seating. On deck our immediate neighbors were our next acquaintances. The address pin which had been attached to our jackets in Boston was the only introduction necessary here. By this time each one had quite a social circle. Later as taste became apparent and personalities came to the surface, like almost unconsciously sought like. Many ladies were traveling like myself, unattached to any special company within their delegation, and as the voyage progressed we naturally fell into little congenial groups.

The bugle calls for rising and meals reminded me of my brief experience in military camp life. The days were busy ones. At 9:30 every morning a short devotional service was held, consisting of a hymn, a scripture reading and a prayer. Attendance of course was optional, but it was seldom neglected. The well-filled library attracted the more studious, the writing room was filled all day in preparing the home letters to be ready for the return ship in the harbor of Ponta Delgada. The walking matches, races, shuffle-

board and quoits filled in the leisure morning hours, interrupted only by the light luncheons passed about by the deck steward. This never seemed to affect the appetite for the noon lunch, but served as an appetizer.

The afternoon hours were filled in with the inevitable writing, reading, dozing on deck, fancy work, and of course incessant chatter everywhere; until the bugle announced the time to dress for dinner.

Early in the voyage a delightful reception was given by the officers of the association and their wives. On this occasion everybody donned gala attire and had a good time. Dr. Bucher, who went out as music director for the convention, organized a male sextette. These with the ship orchestra, several fine pianists and two "queens of song" aboard, were most generous with their gifts for our entertainment. Every evening noted an event of general interest. The preparatory work for the convention was made so interesting that no one wanted to miss it.

Dr. Adams, of Schenectady, N. Y., gave a lecture on Mark Twain. Having been a personal friend of the great humorist he gave us a new point of view of him.

Dr. Bucher gave an evening on the History of Church Music. Two fine readers delighted us with their talent, and never seemed to tire of the frequent calls for them. The young people gave an evening of charades, pantomime, recitations and music.

A stunt evening was announced and each delegation was requested to prepare one number. Canada gave their national song, "The Maple Leaf." It was sung as a solo by a handsome boy of ten years, draped in their flag, the delegation joining in the chorus. Rev. Chas. Phipps, of Oregon, gave a vivid picture of his work in the mining camps. A lady from North Dakota gave a song of her own composition. California presented a company of typical sight-seers from the east. It was very amusing. Mexico sang in Spanish. The Southern states combined and gave us a "Social Evening in the Quarters." They dressed the part, blacking up and all. It was evident there had been foraging among the crew and possibly in the steerage for costumes. An exaggeration of their natural tones and their familiarity with negro dialect made the imitation perfect. The turbaned mammies trotted the pickaninnies to crooning lullabies, spanked the refractory without

MESSMATES

missing a note or measure, as they swayed their bodies in rhythmic harmony with the old "befo' de wah" melodies.

Between times they gossiped freely of the days experiences and brought down the house with hits at leading people aboard. A hitherto dignified college professor appeared as a wiry, raw-boned field hand whose ready wit enlivened the affair wonderfully. The banjo twanged an accompaniment to solo and weird shrill chorus.

It was a resurrection of by-gone times that to some of us was pathetic as well as irresistibly funny. To others who only knew of such things remotely it was a perfect revelation. One little lady from Alabama received quite an ovation at the close, and finally broke away from the crowd by promising to ask "fo ten minits at Zurich? Yes, sah! I sho' will." And sure enough she appeared on the programme there, her proper self however, with a most interesting report of her work as secretary of her state.

New York gave the history of the city in pantomime. First came the Indians, feathers, tomahawks, papooses and all. These were crowded off the stage by the Dutch also in costume. Then the English hustled the Dutch aside and took possession. During this period colonial ladies simpered behind fans, and men in knee-breeches, tri-cornered hats and long waistcoats ruled the roast. The following periods showed up a motley crowd,—the Irish laborer with his family fresh from the sod, the Jew peddler, and the pawn-broker with his three gilt balls (oranges.) This character was presented in the person of a professor from Vassar, who looked the part to perfection. There were Italian laborers too with pick and shovel. The procession ended with a swarm of emigrants of every nationality, herded by a big Irish policeman and a fat Tammany politician.

Every feature of this entertainment was so interesting that the "wee small hours" were almost on us before we knew it. To me the fact was clearly demonstrated that it takes brains to have a good time. Of course where mental activity is lacking substitutes must be found.

LAND, HO!

As we neared the Azores, U. S. stamps were sold us for mailing our letters in Boston. Land was in sight early in the morning. To inexperienced eyes nothing was visible in the horizon but what seemed a long bank of low lying clouds. After a while this assumed shape as headlands which we skirted for a couple of hours before coming into the harbor of Ponta Delgada on the Island St. Michael. Here our huge mail was transferred by boat to the Cedric which passed out as we sailed in.

These islands belong to Portugal. It was the first glimpse of a foreign land to many of us, and so foreign was this first appearance that there was no mistaking it for anything we had ever seen before. The land rose directly from the water to the top of a mountain, giving a clear view of the city and surrounding country. Along the water front the houses were tall, square, flat roofed and pierced by many small windows, evidently ware-houses and office buildings. Back from this they rose tier upon tier, rarely more than two stories and all of a dazzling lightness. Cream, white, pale pink and blue were the predominating colors. Never a spot of dark color visible except in the foliage of trees and shrubbery. The town was surrounded by vineyards and pineapple farms. Wine and pineapples are almost the only exports.

We anchored out in the harbor and a gang was thrown down the ship side to the water edge. The health officer and other officials came out in a light motor boat and came aboard. Then followed a committee of church people who were expecting us. Meanwhile the steerage was in commotion. A number of Portuguese were to be landed here and the water about the stern of the ship was filled with little dancing boats. Friends were shouting greetings with frantic gesticulations.

We were rowed ashore in a fleet of small boats manned by native boatmen. The passage down that steep gang and the transfer to the bobbing, dancing boats below seemed somewhat perilous, but every care was taken by our officers and we made the trip in safety. We landed at an ancient quay built of huge granite blocks. It looked as though it had been built for all time. Stone steps led down to the water edge and another hold-your-breath transfer was necessary.

The missionaries led the way direct to the mission building where the native congregation was waiting to receive us. They led us first through a roughly paved business street filled with a swarthy, unkempt, weather beaten crowd of curious natives—not the elite by any means Beyond, the streets grow narrow with side-walks about two feet wide. The houses present a solid wall to the street, broken only by an occasional doorway. In the better homes these doors lead into a court yard around which the home is built. In houses of two stories the windows are in the upper stories opening on hinges inward. Every window has its window box of gorgeous bloom. No hut too lowly for flowers.

At the mission buildings we found the interior crowded and an assistant native pastor holding an overflowing meeting in the outside inclosure. He was a fine looking, well dressed young man; was evidently well educated and sincere. At the close of his address, in which he gave the history of the mission, immense straw platters of flowers were passed through the crowd, a beautiful bouquet for each one there.

Outside along the curb was a line of carriages waiting patronage. Every horse looked like Don Quixote's steed, and every driver was Sancho Panza. The harness was of leather, rope, withes, or whatever was needed to piece out, and the vehicles, the floatsam and jetsam of ages. My friend and I concluded to do our sight-seeing afoot.

By invitation we visited our consul there, and found him a courteous, genial gentleman, who with his handsome wife seemed fitted for more pleasant surroundings. The home itself is all that one could desire, but life in Ponta Delgada to an American must be simply existence.

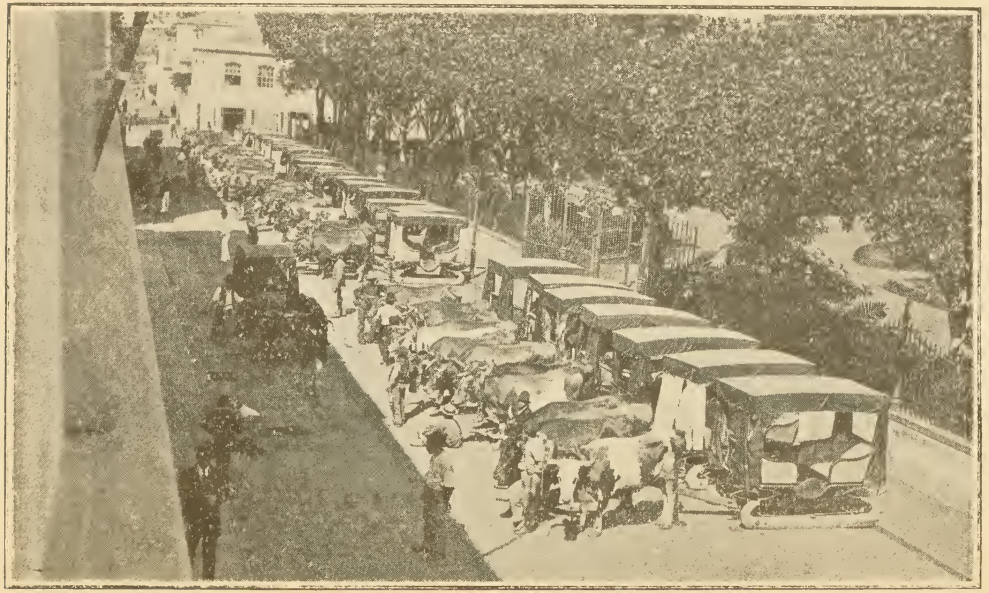
We visited the public gardens. Here the wonderful tropical growth and gorgeous bloom made up for the squalor on the way thither. There we met a family of natives, a mother and three daughters, who invited a few of us into their home and let us see how they lived. The floors were stone, the furniture old, rich and massive. The girls were as slender and graceful as lilies. They had clear olive complexions without a trace of color, and bright, sparkling black eyes. Their manners were perfect, and a finer hospitality I never met, though not a word they said could we understand. We hardly needed to, so expressive were their faces

and gestures. Our stay was necessarily short, but we carried away a vivid picture of Portuguese at their best.

There seems to be no transition period in the lives of their women. Toward evening we saw many well dressed people walking or driving in the lower town. The young are pretty, slender and graceful, but there seems to be no well-rounded handsome middle-life for them. They emerge from girlhood into either stolid, swarthy, fat old age or into toothless, withered hags. The latter are found among the ill-fed poor I conclude. My partner that day was a tall, stout lady from Indiana, with a fair complexion and a very high color. She seemed to attract attention. Glancing up at a window we saw an elderly woman gazing at her, and patting her own cheek she said, "prittee, prittee."

The ordinary means of locomotion in the town are high carts perched on two huge solid wooden wheels, drawn by a donkey altogether out of proportion to the load he is dragging. Donkeys carrying huge basket panniers or great bundles of fagots that covered them from ears to tail, ambled over the cobbles behind their picturesque masters. Down in the wider streets automobiles driven by dapper up-to-date young men, bounced over the stones in what seemed to us very uncomfortable fashion. These were apparently government officials out for an airing.

My friend and I wandered down to the cathedral near the landing, and sat on the steps to wait for the reassembling of our party for the return to the ship. Beggars swarmed all about us—the most abject, forlorn creatures I ever saw. I looked about me at the weary-eyed women, the pompous looking guards, the smooth shaven priests, who only of that motley crowd looked clean, and then across to the stately ship lying at anchor in the harbor, and it looked like home to me. The return to it was made as we came, without mishap, but a tired, footsore, yet satisfied crowd climbed the gang that evening after this their first visit to a foreign land.



WAITING FOR PATRONAGE, MADEIRA

Two days out from the Azores we entered the harbor of Funchal, Madeira. These islands are also a part of Portugal. When discovered by Portuguese navigators in 1420, they were uninhabited and were turned over to a religious order for colonization. The interests of the church have been so faithfully subserved that they have always been, of all Catholic countries, the most devoted to its faith.

Columbus lived here when studying navigation and ocean currents. Observing the strange vegetation they carried in, and talking with the sailors, he became convinced that land lay to the west. While here he married a daughter of one of the first settlers who was then the first governor of the island.

The city rises from the water front, but not so abruptly as at Ponta Delgada. Coming out from breakfast, we first sighted a large French liner anchored in the offing. Seeing our people hanging over the rail I stepped out to see what interested them. Our vessel was surrounded by small boats each manned by two native youths. One to manage the boat, the other stripped to his bathing trunk. These knew enough English to shout: "Dive fo' a quatah, lady," "Dive fo' a quatah, sah," with the usual noise and gesticulations to be found among Latin people.

Occasionally a piece of money was thrown down, then into the water headforemost would go the nearest boy; disappearing entirely from view he would bob to the surface, swim to his boat, climb in and drop the coin into a box, his wet, brown body shining like polished wood. From the promenade deck of a big liner to the water is quite a distance, and the coin thrown must have gone far below the surface. They plunged in as recklessly as porpoises, and never failed to bring up the money. One brawny youth brought the pieces up between his toes.

After the usual visit from port officials and of the church committee, we were taken ashore in large motor boats. We were landed at a large stone pier from which a wide avenue leads up to the principal street of the city. This avenue is bordered with immense shade trees which form an archway its entire length. On each side are handsome buildings—hotels, stores and other business houses. Here we had our first sight of out-door cafes in the clusters of small tables and chairs grouped under the trees.

The Madeira are famous winter resorts, the climate being among the most equable known. As a result many natives in the business section speak English, and the foreign section looks very much like any other busy town. Automobiles are plentiful, but we saw few English carriages.

There are several ways of getting about the town. One by means of the sedan chair swung from two poles carried by two men as seen in pictures, another is in a hammock carried in the same manner. The most popular way is to ride in a sled drawn by an ox. These sleds have very heavy wooden runners holding a canopied and upholstered body which seats four people. This strange vehicle is drawn by an ox led by a boy. The driver walks behind him armed with a sharp stick with which to hasten the movement of the animal.

The opera house had been opened by the mayor of the city for the public reception of our party, and we were taken there direct from the landing. This building presents a fine exterior, and the interior is simply beautiful. Here the native church people and the Sunday schools were assembled to meet us. The churches and city government were each represented in the addresses of welcome and our representatives were most happy in their responses. They were given in English then translated for the benefit of the native audience. The children sang delightfully. Our leaders had them brought to the stage for their exercises, and those bright young people received an ovation from that company of people from a distant land, that must have raised their social status fifty per cent. It certainly should have impressed upon their minds that the faith they profess is an added dignity rather than something to be ashamed of.

Old travelers had been assuring us that the toboggan trip down the mountain was the one unique attraction of Funchal. Consequently at the close of the exercises, West Virginia headed for the starting place for the trip. Passing up a wide central street I noticed two high stone walls extending through the center. Looking over the side I saw down into a wide deep gorge apparently the bed of a mountain stream. Here and there stone steps led down to the bottom, and groups of women were washing clothes at the pools of water, spreading them on the rocks to dry. I imagined the great, rushing torrent filling that gorge from wall to wall on

its way to the sea when the tropical rains fall, and thought of the wisdom of a municipality which, by these solid walls, once for all warded off all danger of flood. Just then a voice behind me spoke English. I turned and asked the name of the stream. "That, madam, is the main sewer of the town." I passed on glad to know I had no laundry for Funchal.

While waiting at the station for tickets for the mountain ride I had time to make a mental survey of the situation. We were to take a cable car to the top of the mountain and there be transferred to a sled to coast down to the city. The only brake to this sled was a stout stick in the hands of the guide. I don't care to coast on snow at home, and bumping over bare earth and stones failed to appeal to me. Neither do I "Shoot the chute" in my own country. I certainly was not tempted to peril life or limb in a foreign land for the sake of a new sensation. So I climbed into a queer vehicle with some friends and explored the city behind three horses harnessed abreast. Afterward we took a ride in an ox cart and I felt I had diversion enough for one day.

The wonderful hand embroideries found many purchasers among our ladies. Post card sellers, flower girls and boys were everywhere. The homes of the people present blank walls to the street, but are overhung with gorgeous bloom and tropical foliage. Glimpses of beautiful court yards through gateways made impressions of luxurious life within.

We wandered down to the pier, taking observations as we passed. The markets were filled with fruit and vegetables, many of them strange to us, but so exposed to dust and flies that we wondered where the visitor from sanitary regions obtained his food.

The coral sellers were most persistent. "Yes, lady, proper coral, no imitation." At last my friend offered a quarter for a string more than a yard long which was promptly accepted. The English dress is seen everywhere. The most distinctive garment I saw was the "capote." It is a large cape which covers the entire figure. A huge hood resembling a monk's cowl is attached, covering the head and shading the face. I supposed it was the costume of a religious order, but was told that it is in general use for street wear when ladies find it inconvenient to remove the house dress before going out. It is capable, like charity, of "covering a multitude of sins."

Upon our return to the ship we passed through the crowd of divers still shouting for patronage. The deck chairs were covered with fancy work awaiting purchasers. The entrance to the cabins had been locked and stewards were vigilant guards, but a few of those wet, shining boys scrambled up the rigging like monkeys and insisted on diving from the deck for a quarter. One actually made the plunge from the saloon deck and brought up the money.

The steamer whistle blew for departure, but a warning blast from the French ship disclosed the fact that a belated boat-load was being left behind. The captain was visibly annoyed at the delay. He declared it to be the first time he had failed to sail on schedule time.

GIBRALTAR.

After leaving Madeira we caught the end of a storm that had swept the Bay of Biscay. A rough sea and strong head-wind impeded our progress, and in consequence, we reached Gibraltar several hours late. The sailors attributed this misfortune to the "singing of hymns after night. It always brings bad luck, and we'll be glad to get rid of these Sunday school people." Of course the captain was not superstitious, but was inclined to the opinion that adverse winds might be expected since the delay in leaving Madeira.

At Gibraltar we were taken ashore in a large tender, but arrived too late for the English church service there. Just across the wharf a massive gate leads to the inside of the fortification. We entered a large court surrounded by stone barracks with the soldier very much in evidence; passing through, we came into the English town, which, in consequence of the importance of the harbor and of the presence of the garrison, has grown up at the foot of the rock.

Everything has the appearance of solidity and permanence. The streets were clean and well kept, and a Sabbath quiet prevailed. Stores, postoffice and all other public buildings being closed, there was no sign of business activity anywhere—not even a Greek ice cream parlor open for Sunday refreshment. And yet the well-dressed people on the streets did not seem to suffer in consequence. If there had been time for a visit to the Spanish section, we would doubtless have seen a marked difference in Sabbath observance.

The mother country "remembers the Sabbath day to keep it holy" abroad as well as at home.

The day was warm, but by walking on the shady side of the streets we were comfortable. Outside the gate, the wharf was alive with boys selling New York papers; men with baskets of fruit most temptingly arranged, were just as persistent as in the islands. The strawberries were larger than our varieties. There were dates, apricots, figs and other fruits to us unknown. Many of them came from the near-by African coast.

As we sailed away we rounded the point which gives the view of the rock made so familiar in pictures. Of course there were the inevitable jokes about the Equitable advertisement. In its place I noticed an immense smooth surface, like a mammoth tablet prepared for advertising space. I was told that it is an artificial slope of concrete, built to carry the rainfall to a great reservoir excavated at the base. From there it is pumped to the summit, and is the only source of water supply for the heights. As no vessel could land at the precipitous face of the rock, the supply could not be cut off in time of siege.

We skirted the coast of Spain until we passed the city of Algeciras where, a few years ago, the powers in conference, settled the troubles between Italy and Turkey over possession of Tripoli.

The evening service in the saloon, on this our second Sunday afloat, was conducted by the Rev. Hamilton Wigle, of Nova Scotia. The sermon was fine, and his tender, brotherly appeal to the young to strive for the best things in life, was very impressive. In speaking of the observance of the Sabbath, he referred with pardonable English pride, to the respect for the day manifested in Gibraltar.

During the entire sermon I noticed, at an open port, the face of our young dining-saloon steward. On the way to my room afterward I met him, and asked how he liked the service. "Did you see me? I didn't lose a word of that sermon. I tell you it touched a tender spot. It took me back to England and my mother whom I saw last two years and a half ago, and it's the first sermon I have heard since then."

"Don't you have Sunday service at sea?" I asked. "Yes" he replied, "the purser reads the English service as required by law, but not over fifty people go to hear it. I've been on the Canopic five years, and this is the first voyage in that time that has had

sermons. I tell you," he went on to say, "this trip is peculiar. These people are unlike the usual crowd. There's no grumbling and kicking among them. Everybody seems pleased with what is done for their comfort, and they are all so friendly and kind. These are Christian people, all right!"

I had noticed the interest of the officers in the "doings" of the company, especially in the evenings, and it was gratifying to know that the impressions made were favorable, and abiding to the end of the cruise.

ALGIERS.

Our next landing was at the city of Algiers, Africa. The French are in possession here. France has a record for benevolent colonization. Unlike some of her neighbors, she never enriches the home government at the expense of her colonies. She spends the revenue from each in its own development. Not as a philanthropy simply, but to make it a more valuable possession.

It was quite late in the afternoon when our ship entered the harbor, and a little steam tug dragged the pontoon bridge to its side and connected with the wharf. We grudged the time thus consumed, but it made an easy landing for us. My first view of the Mohammedan, was the sight of a group of Arabs in white turbans and voluminous robes, standing on the end of the breakwater away out to sea motionless as statuary, gazing at the incoming vessel. The sight was impressive—Christianity invading Islam, and Islam powerless to prevent Then came to my mind as I gazed, the cry of Ahab to Elijah, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy!" For if there is a superlative hatred, it is that of the Mohammedan for the "Christian dog." Before leaving the ship we had been told to wear no exposed jewelry, and above all things, to keep together. There must be no straggling.

Long lines of carriages awaited us at the wharf, and after seeing the fine buildings and well made streets of the French portion of the city we were driven through the Arab section. We saw here the dusty mosques, the flowing robes of these children of the desert, who scarcely turned their sullen faces toward us as we passed, the veiled women, and the queer shops with their more peculiar wares.

Daylight was about gone when we started afoot to visit the school of the mission. The streets leading down to it were steep, roughly paved, crooked, and so narrow that three persons abreast

touched the walls on either side. The homes open into the street without doors, and the only light we had part of the way was from these interiors. We brushed by men lounging about these openings, and saw the women busy inside preparing food over their brazier fires.

As we neared the school building the way was only lighted by candles placed by the missionaries here and there against the wall. Away above us I could see a narrow strip of blue sky studded with stars. I was not afraid for we were well cared for, but the entrance to the school brought a sense of relief. It was a weird experience, and no event of the tour stands out in my memory so vividly.

The pupils of the missions are in part the children of converted Arabs. Some are waifs cared for by the mission. The enterprise is financed by private contributions. Entering as we did at night, from streets which were little more than crooked slits between walls, we could form no idea of the outside appearance of the building. We were ushered into a central room, from which opened the different apartments used by the school. The young people were waiting to receive us. We saw them at their various occupations—basket weaving, lace making, spinning, drawing—and inspected their school work, which was very creditable. Every one remarked the difference between these bright-eyed, alert young people inside, and the listless, apathetic children we had seen outside. They took great pride in their accomplishments. A whole roomful of little ones sang for us as sweetly as our own children do. The stone walls with arched openings instead of doors, the dusky faces about us only lighted by flickering tapers, made up a weird scene which might have been taken from the Arabian Nights. The grotto like appearance of the place gave one the feeling of being under ground.

We were hurried from this place down the steep, rough streets to the central mission building. This had been originally the home of a Moorish nabob, and was built in true Oriental style. The court had been enclosed and turned into an assembly room. Here we met the mission people and heard the history of the work. These faithful men and women had surely come through great tribulation. First and always from the natives; for a time from the French officials, who made their work almost impossible, until they found their own efforts to make the Mohammedan a loyal citizen, utterly futile. After that the missionaries were allowed to

do their utmost. How these teachers maintained existence, to say nothing of preserving health in such surroundings, can only be explained as the result of faith in God.

Our moneyed people not only eased the burden not a little that night, but the good ship carried away a few of those worn women for rest, change and a visit to the great convention. Another scurrying down stony steps brought us to a wide open street in the French quarter, where our carriages were waiting to take us back to the wharf. Our driver was the only negro I saw that night. He was grim, silent and as black as night. On the pontoon, beturbaned Arabs were displaying handsome Oriental rugs and carpets. I imagine they found few purchasers, though the articles were well worth inspection.

SUNNY ITALY.

The last day of the voyage was ideal. The Mediterranean was perfectly calm; the deep blue waters were as smooth as a landlocked harbor. Naples, the end of the cruise, was just beyond. Long before the time for landing our belongings had been packed and marked for inspection at the custom house, and all hands were on deck, eager for the first view of the famous bay. The small islands, which form the outline from the entrance to the crescent shaped harbor, rear their fortified headlands like grim, vigilant sentinels, with pretty villas nestling in bowers of green at their feet. As we steamed up the bay, the city rose from the sea on three sides like the tiers of a vast amphitheatre; high over all, Vesuvius raised its lofty unconquered head from which a column of smoke rose straight toward the sky.

Beautiful buildings, gardens of tropical beauty, monuments and tombs, passed like a vast panorama as we slowly glided by. Among the most note-worthy objects is the tomb of Virgil. It is easily located by its mosque-like dome.

The experiences at the dock were not devoid of anxiety. A long chute was raised to the main deck, and down its narrow length went flying in swift succession, all the lighter baggage. A hard push at the top sent suit-case, hand-bag, shawl-strap, to the man at the bottom; he tossed it to the truck men, who trundled the tottering heap toward the custom house. No serious damage resulted,

but I was glad my wardrobe was packed in leather, instead of the much recommended rattan.

After what seemed a long delay, we made our way down the long gang-way, and hurried to identify our property. So slowly did it arrive, and such a quantity was to be handled, that the process of inspection seemed interminable. One of the Association secretaries avised me to "find a comfortable place to rest and let the man who was paid for it do the worrying." So I fell into line for the carriages outside, passing on the way my baggage all chalked up for delivery at the hotel. As I passed an officer my hand-bag got a chalking and my inspection was over without a question or the turning of a key. Outside, while waiting for the "line-up," the carriage steps were full of post card peddlers, every window showed a handfull of card. "Only five centimes apiece!"—one cent—or "only twenty-five centimes a set!" "One lira for all this, lady!" Finally to get rid of the most persistent, a gentleman bought a bunch. This made a target of him for the whole crew. The effect was very laughable, and by the time the carriages moved almost every one in our bus had bought pictures.

We were driven through handsome streets, lined with fine business houses and other public buildings. Our hotel was in a central part of the city. Here the suave Italian was much in evidence, and we were shown through marble halls, up marble stairways to our equally elegant rooms. Here the handsome rugs on the polished marble, were havens of safety to our unaccustomed feet. We were luxuriously housed, the meals and service were fine, and enough English was spoken for necessary use.

In the evening a few of us walked out to the shopping centre. It proved to be an immense arcade, covered by a great glass dome. Stores of all kinds opened into it, and the whole place was brilliantly lighted with electricity. Well dressed people were passing in and out the shops, taking ices in the cafes, listening to the concert in the open all moving quietly and with the utmost decorum. It was our first opportunity to contrast the quiet dignity of gentility in the old civilization, with the noise and rush of the new. The difference became more and more marked as we journeyed through Europe.

POMPEII.

The next morning we went by train to Pompeii, seven miles distant. Our first sight of rural Italy, was of the market gardens which always border large towns. These are remarkable for the intense cultivation; not a foot of arable ground is wasted. Instead of fences, boundaries are defined by some marketable growth. Where draining is necessary the ditches are the lines. All our vegetables seemed to be grown, and others that were strange to us. The country is level—a plain bordering the sea. Vesuvius rises directly from the plain, a solitary, elongated mountain that rises near the centre into a lofty cone. As we approached, the road passed through a bed of lava. It's great width and depth gave an idea of the terrors of an eruption, but still little villages cling to the lower slopes of the monster as if there were no smoldering fires beneath them, nor threatening steam and smoke above.

We left the train at a combination of station, curio shop and restaurant near the entrance to Pompeii.

Through the narrow stone gateway we entered upon an equally narrow street, hardly wide enough to admit the passing of carts. It was roughly paved with huge stones in which are seen the deep ruts worn by the chariot wheels of long ago—proof at the threshold of the great age of the city at the time of its destruction A. D. 63. The side-walks are never more than two feet wide; they are raised above the street, and the irregular heights and broken condition make walking difficult. No modern vehicle could carry passengers comfortably through the city. The houses open directly on the streets. They are of stone, brick and concrete, now open to the sky, of course, with nothing standing but the walls. But as all the walls were of the same material, the division into rooms remains, and the plans are easily discovered. Stone fixtures in many places indicate the nature of the occupation. Stone trays and ovens mark the bakery, stone mortars and pestles an apothecary shop; stone fire places and implements for cooking mark the kitchen; stone vats the wine shops. When another story was added the superstructure was of wood. In the rain of stone and ashes which preceded the flow of lava, this part was crushed into the more substantial rooms below, in a measure protecting the lower interiors from the flood which covered all. This doubtless made possible the recovery of the works of art found in a fair state of preservation, and prevented the

entire obliteration of the frescoes, and the mosaic floors of the palaces. In many places the bright colors in the mural decorations are preserved, and from them may be found a fair idea of the customs and social life of the period.

The Italian government conducts the excavation, and great care is taken to preserve everything of interest that remains. The best preserved buildings are roofed over, the fragments of mosaic floors are railed off. Corinthian columns are set in their places, courts are grass sown, and shrubbery re-planted. Our party was photographed in the loggia of such a restored palace. All detached articles of value are placed in the museum in Naples.

To me the most surprising discovery is that of the method of supplying the city with water. It was brought from distant reservoirs through leaden pipes into their homes, supplying the household needs just as is done to-day. These pipes are still visible in many places. They supplied the baths, both public and private, and the many fountains, the points of attachment being still visible in the stone basins and bath tubs. Verily there is "nothing new under the sun."

The great rectangle called the forum, being open to the sky, must have received the full force of the storm of mud and ashes. Lines of broken columns and the crushed pedestals of statuary mark its outlines. The pavement is still intact in places. Here the enterprising photographer rounded us up for another picture.

Pompeii was a great city, the home of wealth and culture; an historic fact which the excavation confirms. It was originally a seaport, but the shore lines have receded so far, that only recently has the site of the ancient harbor been discovered. Only a small portion of the ruins have been exhumed, but so great an area has been opened, that days would be required to make the complete tour.

RETURNING TO NAPLES.

Returning to Naples carriages met us at the station to carry us over the city. The first to greet us in Italy, and the last to leave us on the continent, was the post-card peddler. Next in order came the seller of mosaics. Naples is noted for its hand-made mosaics and its cameoes. The latter however are not sold on the streets. These peddlers meet you at the hotel door, follow you to your carriage, and until the driver cracks his whip they recommend their wares in voluble Italian and murdered English. At the end of the drive, the same swarm - apparently—bobs up from somewhere, with the same insistence.

To lend variety, bright-faced, black-eyed boys dodged in and out, with the southern shrug, and out-stretched hands for "monie, lady, monie!" At Madeira they told us the worst beggars had been locked up for the day of our visit. I was glad the same vigilance had not been exercised in Naples, for this experience with peddlers and the boys was quite interesting, being part of the show. If a courteous municipality had locked up the fleas, their thoughtfulness would have been appreciated. I seemed to be immune, or perhaps Providence took special care of me, but others of our party carried away mural decorations not listed in the art catalogues.

We were taken through the sections of the city where the working people live. Following the wider ways where only two vehicles could pass between curbs, we saw their places of business. All were open to the street. We saw the butcher preparing his meats for sale, the baker at work in the dough, the basket maker weaving his rattan, the seamstress rattling the sewing machine. Looking up the cross streets where nothing but a donkey cart could pass we saw women sitting out sewing, knitting lace, preparing vegetables for the meal, washing clothes, while over head line upon line of clothes flapped in the wind, stretched from window to window across the chasm between the tall houses. The streets are well named "via," for they are simply a "way." Smiling faces greeted us every where, some times a cheery word came which of course was lost on us. Little children welcomed us with the peculiar beckoning hand, instead of a wave as with us. Coming into higher ground we saw the homes of the prosperous. These were well built and in pretty grounds. We spent an exhaustive afternoon in the famous museum. Here we saw the fossilized bodies recovered from

Pompeii, and the wonderful display of art treasures from the buried city. Afterwards we visited the ancient fortifications on the heights from which we viewed the city and the bay.

We had all heard of the Italian sky, but viewing it in cloud and in sunshine, morning, noon and night, we failed to see anything finer than our own American expanse of cloudland and ethereal blue. English people, accustomed to their murky uplook, are responsible for the rhapsodies over the Italian heavens.

RURAL ITALY.

From Naples to Rome our route lay through the plain bordering the Mediterranean. The nearby market gardens were interspersed with small groves of a species of bamboo, used in the manufacture of fishing rods, chair-bottoms and basketry.

The homes of the peasantry reminded me of the pictures of Nazareth. They are low stone structures, built of cobble set in cement. Some are covered with stucco, and occasionally we saw one of brick with stucco finish. The steep thatched roofs extend in long ragged eaves. Windows are set high, are few in number, and are often mere slits in the walls. If glass is used they swing inward on hinges. The better sort have two stories. The upper one is reached by a stone stairway built against an outside wall. These have tiled roofs, and are mostly seen in the villages about the railroad stations.

The railroad north of Naples runs near the sea on the left, with a wide plain stretching away on the right of the foothills of the Appenines. The wonderful fertility of this valley is remarkable when we consider the ages in which it has been under cultivation. This soil has never been robbed. It has been nourished and kept at its best. The signs of an abundant harvest were to be seen throughout Italy. There are no worn out farms there, as in our newer country, and every available spot is under cultivation – clean intensive cultivation, such as is only seen in our country where the foreign agriculturist uses old world methods.

The farms of Italy are peculiar. They are no larger than two of our hill side town lots; being almost rectangular in shape, and in the coloring of various crops, they give the country a striped appearance.

Not a fence is visible. The separating lines are narrow, deep ditches where drainage is necessary. Generally the farm is outlined by mulberry trees set at regular intervals. These trees are kept cut to a low growth, and all trunks are trimmed to the top, where only a dense clump of foliage remains which casts a very small shade. Grape vines are festooned from tree to tree with mathematical precision. In the openings beneath a row of vegetables grows usually beans, or some variety that requires protection from the sun. This presents a very pleasing appearance as one passes through the country, though an artistic effect is not the purpose of it all. This fence repairs itself with little help, fixes a boundary, and provides three marketable crops—mulberry leaves for the silkworms, grapes and the vegetable.

Men and women work side by side in the fields, using the most primitive implements. No horses are used, just oxen and donkeys. The domestic life of the farm is confined to a limited space. The house, barn, stable and well, are all huddled together, and enclosed by a stone wall. Outside is a garden. Sanitation is evidently not considered, but this is an outdoor people, and space is valuable.

The noon hour found our train—a special—at a large station where lunch was served. It came to each one in a pretty rustic basket which contained bread and unsalted butter, a ham sandwich, a slice of roast beef, chicken, two eggs, cheese, cake, an orange, peaches—every article wrapped daintily in paraffine paper—a paper napkin, knife, paper cup and a bottle of wine. The food was excellent, but wine to American Sunday school people was a joke, and caused much merriment without the drawing of a cork. I suspect the porters had a jollification, as it was all left in the train. When lunch was served en route afterward, a bottle of spring water came instead of wine.

During the morning a waterspout at sea and an aeroplane high over the plain attracted attention. There are groves of olive trees, and the farm yards are usually shaded by other fruit trees. Away in the distance toward the mountains umbrella pines are seen. These stand in clumps; their tall straight trunks are as devoid of foliage as a mast, except for the spreading top which gives the tree its name.

Gazing out upon the landscape, fearing to lose a single feature of this view of the old world, a broken line of lofty arches come in sight. "O, the old Roman aquaduct!" I cried. I knew then we were passing through the Campagna and nearing the "Eternal City." Then I saw a line of broken pedestals, with here and there a tower in ruins, or the remains of a monument or a tomb; this I knew to be the Appian Way, over which Paul traveled on his journey to Rome. I was unable to locate the Three Taverns where his friends from the city met him, though we skirted the famous high way for a long distance. It is still a well kept thoroughfare.

In Rome we passed through a fine modern station to the waiting carriages and were driven through a handsome modern city to our hotel. The most impressive sight on our way—to me at least, who could not readily connect anything with Rome but antiquity—was the beautiful subway through which we were driven. It passed under the Quirinal, the royal palace and grounds. This was once the home of the Popes, but is now occupied by the royal family; the Pope having retired to the Vatican. This subway is a wide arch enclosing wide sidewalks, with street car tracks and carriage way between. Its walls are covered with a glistening, creamy tile molded in beautiful patterns. The electric lights are so arranged as to give the effect of subdued daylight.

Our hotel here was a repetition of marble walls, columns, stairways and floors. The furnishing was complete, the cooking and service left nothing to be desired. The shopping district being near, our ladies scattered to find Roman pearls, silks, and antiquities. In one store I met a handsome woman from Alabama, who greeted us in our own tongue. We were known on sight everywhere as American; never once being taken for English even. How we were distinguished we never discovered. Even in London where to me, everybody had the same appearance, they knew us before a word was spoken. This lady from Alabama gave us some useful information, and of course was quite eager for American patronage. We found her prices not reduced to us in the least.

Next morning our guide, a polished Italian scholar, was on hand early to take charge of his section of sight-seers. We were taken first to the Pantheon, the only building of ancient Rome not

now in ruins. It was built by Agrippa 27 B. C., and was first a heathen temple, afterward consecrated to hero worship ; at one time a fortification, and then changed to a Christian church ; to this fact it doubtless owes its preservation. It is a large circular building, with walls of hewn stone surmounted by a huge dome, which is two feet wider than that of St. Peters. There are no windows, the light coming from the dome. Now it seems reserved for the burial place of noted people. Raphael lies here, his resting place is marked by a magnificent tomb. Emmanuel and Humbert both lie here. Since the establishment of the United Kingdom, this building, instead of the church, seems destined to be the burial place of royalty.

The drives through the city were as interesting as the buildings we visited. Everywhere are beautiful fountains, monuments, memorial arches, statuary, both ancient and modern. A life time could be spent in studying its history and unraveling its traditions. There are three hundred and sixty churches, every one commemorating a saint, or some important event in the history of the church. Every one is built for all time, and is rich in adornment. The ancient buildings of state are owned and controlled by the present government, though all art treasures were removed, years ago, to the Vatican galleries.

St Peters is easily recognized from its pictures. The entrance to the front is through the gate of an immense colonnade which encloses a wide plaza, but on three sides the main building is so closely surrounded with other buildings, that it is hard to form an adequate idea of its immensity. The inside area is so broken by immense columns, high altars, elaborate memorials, screens, statuary and chapels, that all sense of unity is lost, and one has the feeling of passing from one highly decorated edifice to another; from chapel to throne room; from monuments to the dead and place of entombment, to the treasure house of the gorgeous regalia of the living.

Our guide told us frankly that the glory of St. Peters lies in its architecture and wealth of adornment; but that the highest expression of art was not found in its pictures or statuary. Not one of the pictures which adorn its walls is an original. Every one is a copy—without exception, a wonderful copy—in mosaic. No paint has ever touched St. Peters. Everything there is made as nearly indestructible as possible.

The statuary has been placed, in different periods, by Ecclesi-

astic selection and authority, and as the artistic sense is as varied in church officialdom as elsewhere, a variaty of tastes, and many degrees of excellence are represented.

The Vatican is the great treasure house of art in Rome. Here we saw nothing but originals, gathered from the ruins of ancient Greece, from excavated Roman villas, and from conquered provinces when the Roman government ruled the known world. The masterpieces of the medieval age are found here. There are hundreds of rooms in the Vatican. Its great galleries and library occupy a large number of them, and the Pope's large following, including the famous Swiss guards are also housed there. That portion adjoining his own private apartments was closed at the time of our visit, to insure quiet, because of his failing health. We had a fine view of the garden from one of the galleries.

The Sistine Chapel with its wonderful paintings by Raphael was open for visitors. It belongs to the Vatican, but is connected directly with St. Peters.

The church of St. John Lateran is remarkable for its age, and for the colossal statues of the Apostles. Here is preserved the table on which the Last Supper was served, and under the altar the heads of Peter and Paul are placed. We did not see these relics, nor the remains of the cradle of Christ in St. Mary Maggiore near by; we were told they were there by the custodians. The Sacred Stairway is quite near St. Johns. It is long and wide. The original steps have a protecting cover. At its base are two groups in marble, one on either side, representing the betrayal of Christ in the kiss of Judas, and Christ before Pilate. Half way up the stairway was a group of women in black, climbing step by step, on their knees, and pausing on each step for a prayer. Coming out, beggars, sore-eyed, ragged, old and haggard, mumbled with out stretched hands, while behind us was that scene of painful. pathetic devotion.

The official guides of Rome are scholarly gentlemen, licensed by the government after rigid examination. Everything of public interest, outside of the churches, belongs to the government. Excavations are constantly revealing interesting objects of antiquity which are carefully preserved in the National Museum. From this vast collection the whole history of Italy might be restored if all documental evidence were destroyed. There is no attempt to rebuild the ruins, but sufficient restoration is made to preserve the identity and to prevent further destruction. Enough of the Coliseum remains to make plain its size, shape and purpose. The walls are of massive hewn stone and were held firmly by great iron bolts. After the power of Rome was broken and this great building had fallen into disuse it became a quarry for building material, otherwise it is probable the whole structure would still remain. The walls are blackened with age, except where a restoration supports a broken arch or defines an entrance. When iron became scarce in the city the bolts were gouged out of the walls; this adds materially to the appearance of decay.

The great arena is grass grown and strewn with broken stone. We saw tier upon tier for the spectators, the seats for the patrician around the dais for the Emperor, the opening to the dens below, from whence came the wild beasts, and the door through which the martyrs passed whose blood shed here "became the seed of the church." In such surroundings the mind easily ran back to the age when a mutinous, suffering people were diverted and controlled by such scenes as were enacted here.

Capitoline Hill is now, as of old, the heart of the city. Here the business of the government is still conducted. Opposite is Palatine Hill, the seat of the palaces of the Caesars. This was the site of the original settlement; the city grew up around it. Here we saw a remnant of the wall of Romulus; above it were the dwelling places of kings and nobility. As these grew in number and expanded, strong arches were built on the hillsides instead of foundation walls, and palaces spread themselves above. These arches covered wide passage ways, with stone steps leading to streets and interiors above. Nothing remains of all this ancient glory but crumbling walls, the outlines of gardens that were once the acme of outdoor beauty, the private forum where royalty disported itself

apart from vulgar gaze, broken columns, and all the marks of fallen greatness. From the wall of an old garden we looked down the precepitous side of the hill into the Forum; that great open space where public questions were discussed, the place of trial before a court of justice, and the place of proclamation. Here is the sacred way through which the conqueror made triumphal progress to sacrifice to the gods. Here is the temple where the vestal virgins guarded the sacred fire upon the altar. All now in ruin. The places are marked by broken walls and columns, grass-grown fountains, and crumbling pedestals from which the statuary has long since been removed. Patches of marble pavement are seen here and there. Some triumphal arches are still in a fair state of preservation, notably that of Titus commemorating the conquest of Jerusalem. Just beyond is the Mamertine Prison where Paul was confined, and looking across the city from the hill, we saw the church built on the site, outside the city, where he met death. All useless debris is cleared away from these ruins, so that no difficulty is encountered in getting through them. The authorities leave nothing undone in the interest of historical research—and of so much per head. The latter consideration is evidently quite an addition to the revenue.

In my early reading of the persecution of Christians under Nero, I had unconsciously, confused the catecombs with the ancient quarries outside the city, where they assembled for worship. I was surprised in consequence, when our drive to the catecombs took us out the Appian way to the open plains. We left the carriages at a gateway, and walked through what seemed to be a large cultivated field. A shaded roadway led up to a small one-story building, with a covered booth attached, where rosaries, crucifixes, post cards and souvenirs were exposed for sale.

One of the young priests in charge who spoke English—or thought he did, for it was almost as unintelligible to us as his native tongue—gave each of us a wax candle for the descent. Our party conductor gave careful directions before descending. He explained that this was an ancient cemetery for royalty. That way back in the days of the earliest kings, jewels were buried with their dead; and to prevent the robbing of the graves by invading tribes, this place of burial was excavated in the solid rock beneath the plain—the small opening being carefully concealed. As Rome

became mightier, the place was abandoned until the time of Nero, when Christians hid themselves in its recesses to escape his cruel edicts. It is a perfect maze of low, narrow passage ways cut through soft stone; so intricate that the simple turning of a corner may mean complete bewilderment. The path is over rough hewn rock, and the tombs are excavations in the side-walls. These openings are closed with stone slabs, and on each is an inscription commemorative of the dead. No two paths seem to be on the same level. Some descend quite deep. They turn and twist in every direction. We were cautioned to keep our lights burning and on no account lose sight of each other. A door in the small building opened directly on a narrow, steep, stone stairway, down which we passed in single file. We were conducted to the burial places of the most eminent persons, but after the first attempt to understand the remarks of the custodian, I discovered that the rude carvings themselves gave more information.

The tapers we carried were the only lights we had, and the path was so rough, with such frequent changes of grade and direction, that we were obliged to watch every step we made, as well as to keep close to our next neighbor. Hence progress was difficult. We were led to the larger excavations where the persecuted ones hid themselves. These people had secret marks by which they penetrated the labyrinth, and by which they fled to remote recesses upon the approach of danger. Only by betrayal through a traitor among them could they be followed.

We remained under ground long enough to form a general idea of the place. Those who had read up before hand were soon ready to turn toward fresh air and sunlight. Those who had not, preferred to pursue the investigation above ground. The field seemed greener, the sunlight brighter, and the air sweet and refreshing when we came out into it all again. I carried my candle home as a souvenir of a grewsome experience. That men, women and children maintained life in such a place, is in itself miraculous, and yet an unfaltering faith carried them through the terrors of dungeon, cross and stake.

We returned to the city by the Appian way, passing through the ancient gate by which Paul and his friends entered Rome. On the way several boys kept pace with the trotting horses, stopping

only to turn an occasional "cartwheel" as dextrously as our own boys, and with outstretched hands to beg for "monie, monie."

SUNDAY IN ROME.

Sunday in Rome! Such a Sunday too, as would have been impossible thirty years ago. At nine o'clock we attended Sunday school in the central building of the Methodist Episcopal church, situated in the heart of the city. This great building is so constructed that all the offices of the church are conducted under its roof. It is six stories high. On a corner facing a wide avenue, is a large auditorium—the Italian church—which seats eight hundred people, and is often crowded to the doors; there are also a large Sunday school room, and the rooms for social gatherings. On another street is the entrance to the American church, which ministers to English speaking residents, students and to thousands of tourists annually. The remaining part of the main floor is occupied by offices of the Publishing House, the mechanical part of that department being conducted in the basement. On the floor above are apartments for those engaged in the work. Upon the top floors are the Boys' College, and Reeder Theological School. Three thousand copies of a weekly religious paper go out from this press weekly, the editor being a gifted Italian pastor. They publish a fine Quarterly; the official organ of the Y. M. C. A.; a Children's Monthly, The Roman World, a weekly newspaper in English, besides the New Testament, their hymnals and many books and pamphlets. Within the four walls of this great building, have been set in motion the three great forces—the Christian pulpit, the Christian press and the Christian school.

The Sunday school room is as well furnished and equipped as those of our cities. The school is as large as the average here; the members as well dressed, just as bright looking, and finer order I never saw in any assemblage. It was review day and in their readiness in response they put to shame our own school in Piedmont. They recited and sang as if the success of the school depended on each individual effort, and how they seemed to enjoy it!

Short addresses were made by our leaders through an interpreter, and a young boy of about sixteen who spoke English, was called to respond. He told us he was the son of an Italian minister, the grandson of an Italian minister, and was preparing himself for

the ministry. And then that school stepped out into the aisles and marched around the room in review carrying before them a big Italian flag and singing their national hymn. It was an inspiring occasion. They are not being trained to be Americans, nor Englishmen, but good Italian citizens, with love of God, home and native land firmly implanted.

The English church is smaller but quite handsomely finished. The music was conducted by a choir of college boys, and the sermon was by the Rev. Adams, of Schenectady, N. Y., after which Dr. Tipple, the pastor, gave a very interesting history of the mission.

In the afternoon a union meeting of all schools and congregations of the city was held in an immense concert hall. The building was crowded. Addresses were made by both the visitor and visited. Some of the native pastors spoke fine English; some thought they didn't need an interpreter, but were mistaken. The children sang delightfully, and after the exercises everybody had a time of social greeting and felicitation.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has a fine school in Rome called "The Vassar of Italy." It is lodged in Crandon Hall —the girls' dormitory—and Massey Hall—the school building. In the near future, an administration building will be erected between the two. It is situated in a beautiful suburb and also has fine grounds with a tennis court, a rare thing in Rome. The boarders came from all parts of Italy, and it is largely patronized by the diplomatic corps. Its musical department is in charge of one of Italy's most famous composers. The society also owns an old convent in another part of the city, which is used as a Home and Industrial School. This, too, is very successful. Three hundred and seventeen students are enrolled there now. Seventy boarders are accommodated. These come from all directions. There are regular courses in English, French and Italian. They are taught drawing, type-setting, lace-making and mending, embroidery, fine ironing, etc. These students come from the classes who must earn their living. Some give part time to the government schools to prepare for teaching.

PISA AND FLORENCE.

Leaving Rome our train carried us in a northerly direction, bringing us nearer the Appenines. We passed through vineyards, olive gardens and orchards. The farms became larger, and we saw herds of the large, whitish-gray, long horned cattle for which this section is famous. The only settlements on the plains seem to be the villages that have grown up about the railroad stations. The towns are built on the foothills, with castles, towers and fortifications in plain view from the train. Many of the old cities retain their ancient names. We passed Verona, the city of Romeo and Juliet. Beginning with Rome and the palaces of the Caesars, and going on to Mantua, Padua and Venice, the feeling grows on one that Italy is as truly the home of Shakespeare as is England.

Pisa, an old, old city, said to have been built of the ruins of Carthage, six centuries before Christ, is on the banks of the Arno, about eight miles from its mouth. It is surrounded by old walls and moats, inside of which are gardens, fields and ruins of old convents. At the time of the Crusades it had a population of 150,000. Now there is nothing of special interest to the visitor, except the cathedral, the baptistry and the famous leaning tower. It is also the seat of a university. The tower leans, as the pictures show, at a dangerous looking angle. It is a round marble building, one hundred and seventy-nine feet high. One wonders why such a huge, elaborate building should be erected merely to support a bell. The question of the leaning is still unsettled. Some assert that it is caused by a sinking of the foundation, others thas it was built so, as an architectural curiosity. If the "line of direction should fall without the base," there would be a crash. The surrounding plaza is wide, and its inclination is from and not toward the cathedral. Some of our people climbed the winding stairs to the top for the view, and for the adventure, but found it a toilsome task.

Galileo was born in Pisa. We were shown the great chandelier in the Cathedral, from the study of which he discovered the law of the vibrations of the pendulum.

From Pisa we went to Florence. This city is built in a beautiful valley, through which passes the river Arno, the two parts being connected by six bridges. This is conceded to be one of the finest cities of Italy. It resembles all others in the solidity of its construction, in the quaint, narrow streets, and antique buildings of

its older sections; but one feels the atmosphere of the Italy of art and literature as in no other place we visited. There is evidence on every hand that here art is cherished for art's sake. That it is not trammeled either by church or state; that the fires of genius have burned freely. In all ages it has been a congenial home for scholars and artists. There are no finer collections in all Europe than are found in its galleries. Our hotel was in easy walking distance of many historical places, as well as other objects of great interest. Surrounding the great square and quite near, are the home of Dante, the home in which he wrote "The Divine Comedy," and the place where he was married. Facing the square is the prison in which Savanarola was confined, the court of justice in which he was condemned to death, and just opposite, a tablet in the pavement marks the spot where he was executed. We saw also the monument erected to his memory. In a small space, the whole history of this great reformer may be studied, the open square where he denounced the profligacy of the people, his persecution, trial, condemnation, martyrdom and posthumous glorification. The fate of the reformer in all time.

We visited the great Pitti galleries with their masterpieces of painting and sculpture, and the wonderful cathedral which dates from the fourteenth century.

No other continental city has produced a greater number of celebrated men than Florence. Among them are Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and here Galileo was educated. Here in later life he was brought into conflict with the Inquisition because of his assertion that the sun was the centre of the universe, and only escaped persecution by refraining from teaching the doctrine. Seventeen years later he resumed the discussion, and was summoned to Rome for teaching that the earth moves, and not the sun. To escape imprisonment for life he recanted, but on leaving the hall of judgment he said to his friend, "It does move, though." He became blind and died in Florence.

We were shown through the building where the wonderful Florentine mosaics are made. We saw the whole process, from the cutting of the colored stones to the finished work in the sale rooms. No machinery is used, and it is the most delicate and exquisite hand-work in Europe. No pencil or brush can excel the tints and shadings of the pictures thus produced.

GRAND CANAL, VENICE

We were shown one table top about two feet square, which required fifteen years to make. The price was only for fat purses. Our people carried away a good many small articles as souvenirs, such as paper weights, tiles, etc. The work was so fascinating that our guide had difficulty in getting his party away from it. We saw the making of laces, and our girls bought Tuscan hats fresh from the plaiters. The old bridge over the Arno, famous for the antique jewelry stores which line the sides, presented strong temptations to our souvenir hunters.

A most delightful drive was over a boulevard which winds up the mountain side on the outskirts of the city. The avenue itself was the perfection of construction, and the grade was easy. It was very wide, and bordered on the hill side with beautiful homes in extensive grounds. On the opposite side, overlooking the city, large trees gave unbroken shade. At the top of the hill we came out upon a wide plaza ornamented with fountains and statuary. From the railing extending around the lower side, the whole city was spread below us, a perfect panorama. We could trace the windings of the river from its entrance to the last suburb below, and locate the principal streets, buildings, parks and monuments.

After gazing until our eyes wearied, we drove on through a large park, the perfection of landscape gardening, passing on the way the observatory in which Galileo made his great discoveries. Florence has a charm that no other city of Italy possesses.

EASTWARD TO VENICE.

Lombardy is called the "Garden of Italy." Going toward the mountains we saw growing grains, fruits and vegetables of all kinds. Venice lies beyond the Appenines. Passing over the foothills, we wound in and out, but always upward, along the sides of snow-clad peaks. Tunnels are so close together that often the only interim is a flash of sunlight, a glimpse of a deep gorge and tumbling mountain stream, then a plunge into darkness. In this manner we crossed to the plains beyond through forty-eight tunnels. The highest point we reached is of greater altitude than that attained in crossing the Alps. The lowlands beyond present the same characteristics as the region of the western coast.

The approach to Venice, the "Queen of the Adriatic," is quite similar to that to Atlantic City. We passed from the mainland on a trestle, through marshes, to open water interspersed with marshy

islands, bringing up in a modern railroad station. We were detained inside the shed until the baggage was assorted. Here there was no suggestion of the unusual, but as we passed out into the open, there it all lay before us. There was no line of carriages awaiting us, with streets busy with traffic in view. Instead, we came out to a wide stone pavement, with stone steps leading down to the water of the Grand Canal. It was filled here with long, black, rakish gondolas with their swarthy gondoliers, who in a Bable of noisy Italian were gliding in and out to place for their cargo. Across the canal the water lapped the white walls of the houses, and over the balustrade of a bridge below, hung a heavy fringe of humanity watching the invasion from America.

I suspect that even in this Mecca for tourists, a whole long special train of "Americanos" was something novel. While waiting our turn for embarkation, an immense truck load of baggage was rolled by, and I turned in time to see my special piece tumble from the tip-top to the pavement. I shut my eyes afraid of the consequences; but instead of a free expose of my personal belongings, nothing more than a few scratches was the result. Straps and hinges held, and I was thankful that I had packed in leather instead of the much advised rattan. The gondolas are just as pictured; long, low and narrow, rising high from the water in a sharp edge at each end. In the centre, under a canopy, are upholstered seats for four, sometimes five. Standing at each end are the boatmen with long poles to guide and propel the craft. Our baggage was piled in before and behind, and we glided away in the wake of our fellow travelers. The Grand Canal is in the shape of a huge letter S. As the city is built on islands of many sizes, the streets follow the natural conformation; and are, in consequence, of varying width and as crooked as a maze. Sometimes we were in full view of our friends, and another turn would find us in a narrow passage with nothing familiar in sight. All the traffic of the city is carried on the water, and in some places the congestion was so great that we could not see how a collision could be avoided, particularly in passing under some of the short, low lying bridges. To me there was nothing romantic nor even picturesque in this first experience in this famous old world city. I very much preferred the saloon deck of an ocean liner. Four women in a boat felt isolated from all the world they knew, and transplanted suddenly to the fourteenth century. However as nothing startling occurred, not even the

grating together of two boats, which was marvelous under the circumstances, we gained courage and began to study the streets as we passed. Our progress was necessarily slow and we glided on to the incessant vocalization of language that sounded like war, but was only Italian exuberance. None of it was addressed to us, however. It seemed to be an exchange of signals and directions.

The tide being in, the water in many places lapped the very door sills. In wider squares a narrow pavement extended along the walls. An open door occasionally revealed a court inside, and sometimes over-hanging trees and blooming vines indicated a garden beyond. The distance to our hotel was greater than we thought possible. We landed on St. Mark's Square, passing directly from the boat up the steps to the hotel. This square contains the greatest interest for the traveler, and there one is able to go afoot when sight-seeing.

VENETIAN DAYS.

St. Mark's Cathedral with its five hundred marble columns, its wonderful mosaics, its bronze horses, its alabaster column carried here from Jerusalem by the Crusaders, its bell tower and town clock claimed our attention first, and outside, swirling and darting in and out of the lace-like tracery of its marble walls, hundreds of pigeons made the air white as with huge snow-flakes. In the olden times, a dove carried news to the Venetian army, which saved the city, and laid the foundation for the great prosperity that followed. Since then the doves have been protected and maintained by law.

We were taken through the Doges' Palace. It is a grim solid building, blackened by time, but inside is still to be seen evidence of its former magnificence. It is now used only for state ceremonies. We saw at the head of a stair the huge lion's mouth of history. The head of a lion carved of stone is embedded in the wall. He who desired to denounce an enemy, dropped a note in the open mouth. This was removed on the inside, and arrest followed. We were taken to the room of the first trial, then to the chamber of the Council of Ten, then to the throne room where final sentence was passed. We followed the dolorous way to the Bridge of Sighs, leading from the palace across a narrow canal to the prison beyond. From this prison the condemned rarely ever came out. The old dungeons are below the water line. The bridge is not in use now,

being condemned as unsafe, and as the prison is still the city jail, it is not open to visitors.

We inspected the famous glass works. Saw the process of making the ornamental glass for which the city has long been famous. The show rooms here are like fairyland. We were taken by special invitation through a large lace-making establishment. Here an army of women and girls were at work with pillow and bobbins, weaving the delicate fabrics that have tempted Eve's daughters in all ages. Everything and everybody were spotlessly clean, and the finished work needed no laundry. The display was fascinating, but the prices were quite equal to those of New York. Evidently they were fixed for the occasion. Those who had the fear of the custom house before their eyes, just looked, and were glad to see the real article in process of construction. One of our young ladies spent forty dollars and then had only a narrow strip of lace for the front of a waist.

The glass mosaics are very beautiful; the construction is similar to those in Florence.

OUR NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

The Fourth of July was spent in Venice. The Stars and Stripes flew from all hotels that lodged our people, and we each wore a tiny flag in honor of the day. The day was spent going through art galleries, churches and other places of interest. A friend and I concluded in the afternoon that we were surfeited with ancient art, and so we remained in our boat at the different landings, and studied modern life in Venice. At one place quite an open square gave us a chance to see the natives moving about attending to their business. The women have heavy black hair parted on the side, combed plainly over their ears and knotted low behind. They wear heavy woolen skirts made full, and are invariably bareheaded. They all, young and old, wear large black shawls folded three cornered, as our grandmothers wore them. These shawls are bordered with a deep silk fringe. Our gondoliers remained with our boat while waiting at the different stopping places, but paid no further attention to us than to ask for "monie, drink." This of course we refused and they said nothing more.

A patriotic meeting was held in the evening at one of the hotels, when "Americans" celebrated with song and speech as at

home. Our hotel had evidently been originally a palace. The finish and arrangement were that of a home, or rather of the residence of wealth and fashion, for no palace that we saw seemed in the least home-like.

In Southern Italy the fleas treated me with the utmost respect; not so with the musquitos of Venice. Our beds were closely screened, but I shared with the company the results of their visitations. We took an early train on leaving for Milan, and saw the city at low tide. The exposed walls were green and slimy with barnacles clinging. The "street cleaners" were aboard on flat barges, and with long-handled, many pronged forks were loading up the floating debris. The water for domestic use is brought from the mainland in pipes. It is all strange, full of Middle Age charm, but to properly appreciate Venice, one should be young enough to ignore the dampness, the musquitos and the frequent rainfall.

THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.

Milan is the largest city in Italy after Naples, and is by far the most modern and enterprising. Its fine business houses, its fine thoroughfares filled with traffic, remind one of New York, while its beautiful ornamented plazas, its monuments, its triumphal arches and statuary, commemorative of the events and of the men who have made history in Italy, suggest our city of Washington. It is an old city, but ruins are not preserved here. When a building outlives its usefulness it is replaced with a modern structure. It is the centre of the silk trade, and is the greatest book market in Italy. There are many traces of French occupation. Napoleon was crowned King of Italy in the Cathedral here. We were shown the great arena he built, his statue, triumphal arches, etc. We visited the art galleries with their priceless treasures.

To the tourist the great object of interest is the Cathedral. It has become so familiar through illustrations that no one fails to recognize it at a glance, and still it is a surprise, a revelation when first seen, with the dazzling sunlight on its lofty tower and needle-like spires, its lace-like tracery of decoration, and wealth of statuary—a bewildering glory of white marble. It dates from the fourteenth century, and is the finest Gothic edifice in the kingdom. Many of our people climbed the tower to view the statuary that crowns the roof, and for the extensive view of the city. Inside are

the usual marble columns, gorgeous altars and profusion of statuary of all periods and degrees of excellence. We were shown the gorgeous vestments, regalia and vessels used in the service, kept here in lockers, from remote ages. We were taken to a crypt below to a chapel dedicated to an archbishop, who, in the olden time, had, in some miraculous way, stayed the hand of pestilence in the province. The bones, clothed in the magnificent robes of his office, the skull covered with a mitre, lie in a glass coffin, on a breast-high catafalque richly draped. Candles are kept burning constantly. The walls and floor are of polished marble, and the ceiling of solid silver in massive carving.

In our tour we saw several statues of St. Bartholomew, who, tradition says, was flayed alive and then put to death. In one church he is portrayed with a scarf-like drapery about his body, from which depends the skin of a hand and forearm, and that of the head and face with the hair and beard on. The head of the statue also has hair and beard. The guide remarked with a twinkle, "I suppose it grew again."

Here in this building, beautiful as a dream, stands poor Bartholomew suffering a perpetual martyrdom by standing in his bare anatomy, through the centuries, with his whole skin thrown over his shoulder like a discarded union suit. All this may be useful as commemorative of the sufferings of the saint, but could not be expected to arouse a feeling of devotion. As works of art they are grotesque rather than artistic.

THE LAST SUPPER.

Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" has less imposing surroundings than any other famous picture we saw. It is painted on the end wall of the refectory of an old monastery. There is nothing else of interest there. The room is now simply the show place of this original painting. The side walls are lined with copies made by modern artists. This room is rectangular in shape, the entrance being in one end and has a wainscot four or five feet high, on all four sides. The picture covers the end opposite the entrance, reaching from the wooden wainscot to the ceiling. The monks evidently had little appreciation of the value of the picture, for they cut a doorway through the wall under it, which carried away part of the cloth of the table. During French control this room

was used as a stable. The mural paintings of the old masters are done in water colors. The walls have a smooth, hard surface which holds the colors remarkably. But this picture was done in oil; and when, after years of neglect, an attempt was made to remove the dirt and restore it, it scaled off in spots. This gives a speckled appearance, defacing it somewhat, but not enough to destroy a single outline.

By standing at the entrance and thus viewing it at a distance, its chief beauty is brought out; a beauty that all copies have failed to reproduce—the wonderful perspective in the large window behind the Christ. There the hills of Judea seem so real, that I seemed to be looking through a window in the building to real hills in the purple distance.

We visited the fashionable cemetery on our way to our hotel. The approach was through a massive gateway in a high wall. The entrance was through a flower garden. Coming to the place of burial the first thought was that we were in a marble yard. The graves were so close together, and the decorations so elaborate, there was barely room to pass between them. Every conceivable type of woe is here represented in marble.

Life-sized husbands bow in grief over the graves of their wives. Fathers and mothers are in attitudes of despair over dead children. Wives lie prone on the graves of their husbands. Widows with grief stricken faces and little children clinging to them, kneel in prayer.

One tomb is a production of the scene of the resurrection. The sepulchre had been hewn in a great rough block of granite. The stone rolled from the door is on one side, and on it the angel sits. On the opposite side is the approaching Mary, with fear and amazement depicted in her attitude and face.

The figures are in snow white marble and all life-size. It is the most beautiful entombment I ever saw, but the effect is marred by the crowded condition of its surroundings; nothing, however, could detract from the beauty, grace and expression of the figures.

Only great wealth can so commemorate its dead.

THE ALPS.

After leaving Milan, we soon found ourselves among the lower Alps and in the lake region of Italy. These mountain peaks rise directly from valleys with small farms and little villages. The beautiful lakes nestle among the mountains, and reflect their verdure in the clear waters. The longer ranges began as we neared the Swiss frontier. At Lake Como on the Italian border we reached a higher altitude. Here our company divided—a part remaining for Sunday at this famous resort, and the rest going on to Lake Lugano, just within the Swiss border. Here we had our first encounter with custom house officers since leaving Naples. But one piece of baggage in our company was inspected; the only result was a hearty laugh at the owner's expense. The inference was that she was the only suspicious looking member of the party. The inspection was merely perfunctory througout until we reached Southampton, England.

The scenery was fine as we passed on, but night came before we reached our destination. Our section of the divided party filled two hotels at Lugano. We were delightfully housed and entertained here. On entering my room I stepped through a large casement window to a stone balcony, and the view that met my gaze almost took my breath. We were on the side of the mountain over-looking the lake, and the town lay in a crescent along the shore. The lake is not wide here, and the peaks on the opposite side stood out clearly against the star-lit-sky. The spacious grounds of our hotel led down to the town in beautiful terraces, all brilliantly lighted. Funicular railways carry passengers to the summits of the mountains opposite, and the routes were indicated by lines of electric lights. The town is beautifully lighted, and the lake was dotted with moving lights like beautiful fireflies as boats passed to and fro.

As I stood and gazed at the unspeakable beauty of it all, and listened to the merry chatter in adjoining balconies and to the sound of music in the grounds below, the window behind me seemed to have been the doorway to the Italy of my dreams. Next morning the first waking thought was of the vision of the night before; but a glance at the window revealed clouds and rain. In spite of that the outlook was one of beauty.

The mountains are almost percipitous but green to the summit. The town is well built and adorned. The terraces below me were

a picture of well-kept trees, shrubbery, and flowers, and the grass like velvet. A long flight of steps led down to the lake shore.

LUGANO AND BEYOND.

Lugano, like Como, is an ideal summer resort. The winters here, we were told, are similar to our own. In fact, there is great similarity between the climate of Italy and that of our own country south of the Mason and Dixon line. The changes are caused by difference in altitude rather than latitude. Coming from the south to the northern extremity, we found the same clothing necessary that we are accustomed to in the same season. Light snow-fall is not unusual in Rome, and among the Appenines the fall is often heavy.

Two noticeable things, among many others, in Italy I have failed to mention. One is the beauty of the horses, and I might add the skillful driving. I thought I had seen perfection in driving while coaching in our "Rockies," where only faith in the driver prevented a panic, but all through Europe our drivers were not excelled in handling the reins, by anything I ever saw before. In Algiers, in the rush to see the Arab section of the city before night-fall, the drive through the French quarter was apparently reckless; but nothing went amiss, and we passed through it safely.

At Naples the horses were in poor condition, but everywhere else they were well cared for and handled most kindly. The other noticeable thing was the fine condition of the roads. In fact this was the case every where from Naples to Liverpool. Even among the Alps where roads were at all possible, they were well constructed. I conclude this is one of the necessities of military preparedness.

The rain kept many of us indoors that Sunday at Lugano, though some ventured out to an English service in the morning. A short service was held in the evening in the dining-room of our hotel for the shut-ins.

Monday morning we were booked for an excursion on the lake; but the heavy fog on the mountains and the mist on the lake were not inviting, and I remained ashore.

Leaving Lugano our way was steadily upward. The little valleys finally disappeared and became mere gorges between snow-capped peaks. Down the mountain sides came rushing waterfalls

from ice fields so far above that they were lost in spray and mist before they reached the gorge below.

The marvelous feat of engineering, which carried the road from gorge to gorge over massive stone archways, across fearful chasms, through tunnels hewn in solid rock, winding in and out upon itself, gave frequent opportunity to look down upon the way we had come, and forward to that we were approaching. We literally traveled upon our feet. The cars were admirably constructed for observation, and we hurried from side to side, each new view being more wonderful than the last.

Reaching St. Gothard Pass, the long, long ride through the tunnel gave time for rest, and the exchange of impressions that always follows the stir of an unusual experience. Descending we passed into a less percipitous region, in which the evident struggle to wrest a living from the soil was pathetic. Here and there on the steep mountain sides, a tiny green patch, supported on the lower side by a rough stone wall, showed an attempt to grow something. Wherever enough soil could be found something was planted. An occasional thatched hut was the only sign of homelife. Many of these cultivated spots seemed so inaccessible that the wonder was how the owners reached them. One could understand that nothing but the fierce Swiss love of country, could hold the native to such a life.

As we passed downward the gorges widened into valleys, the huts became chalets, and these in turn became more pretentious with their surrounding porches above the basement and their tiled roofs. The basements seemed to be used for the stock. Coming down to the lake shores we found pretty towns, clean, inviting resorts. Our route lay through the William Tell region. Along the shore of Lake Uri we passed the place where Tell escaped from the boat of Gesler, the tyrant. Not far away is the William Tell Chapel.

Among these mountain fastnesses, the liberty-loving Swiss conspired against their Austrian oppressors, and made possible a Swiss Republic.

AN ALPINE CENTRE.

Zurich, the convention city, has a population of 200,000. It is situated in a beautiful valley along the shore of Lake Zurich. It covers the plain and all the accessible foothills, and is surrounded by the Alps. From all points in the city and on the lake can be seen a horizon of snowy peaks and ranges.

The principal streets are wide and beautifully shaded. The construction is what we term modern, but which there bears the impress of time and long usage. The wonder is that our wide awake country has been so slow in adopting the building methods which stand for comfort, durability, and sanitation. The city is solid, substantial, comfortable; and is adorned with beautiful parks, gardens, squares, statuary and fountains. Buildings of historic interest are well preserved and kept in use. Among the most striking is the Grossmunster, the great Cathedral founded by Charlemagne, and in which Zwingli preached his first sermon in 1591; and where the great reformer continued his work until his heroic death on the battlefield of Kappel. The Fraumunster was founded by the grandson of Charlemagne. These two historic churches were used during the convention, for overflow and special meetings.

Heinrich Pestalozzi, the founder of the Swiss educational system, has left here an enduring monument to his memory in the great University and the Federal Technological School which have a world wide fame. As a result of his labor, no children in the world have greater educational advantages than those of Zurich. Commissions from all the world come here to study the methods, and they are being gradually adopted in every civilized nation.

Zurich is a Mecca for tourists. Lines of travel converge here, and it is a point from which the scenic attractions of Switzerland can be most easily reached. It is also a great commercial centre. Traffic from the north going south, and that from Italy going north pass here, also that going west to France and eastward to Austria. The people are genial and full of courtesy. The display in the markets of fruits, vegetables and flowers, cannot be surpassed anywhere. The "market wagons" are low carts with large handsome dogs in the harness—the finest dogs we saw abroad. Sometimes the dog and man are harnessed together. The people in both city and country are cleanly, and have a well-fed appearance.

On the streets we constantly met hunters and mountain climbers equipped for their vocations. In the store windows were displayed Alpine stocks, boots for climbing, etc. The gray-green Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, the long leather leggings, the heavy shoes, the pack strapped to the back and the jaunty Alpine hat with its green feather erect which surmounted the outfit, ceased in a few days to attract our attention.

When it rains in Zurich, men and women, girls and boys alike, wear long black capes instead of raincoats, and they certainly look snug and comfortable. In the florists' windows eidelweiss, the snow white flower of the Alps, was seen, growing in pots, cut for sale, and beautifully pressed. There are twelve temperance restaurants in the city, established and managed by a Woman's Temperance Society. They began with one, and from the net returns opened another. They followed this plan until the present number was reached.

THE GREAT CONVENTION HALL.

The Tonhalle in which the convention was held, is a beautiful building in a fine garden which opens on the boulevard that borders the lake. The unsophisticated gave the name a liberal translation, calling it "Town Hall" and supposed it was devoted to the general uses of such buildings. We soon discovered that the "o" was long and as "Tone Hall" it was dedicated to the harmonies. The garden and the ground floor are used for banquets and other social gatherings, and the necessary work rooms. During the convention this floor was used for offices, cloak-rooms, exhibits of Sunday school work and supplies, displays from schools in foreign work, bureau of information, etc. On the floor above it is the great auditorium, the concert room with its surrounding galleries and adjoining lobbies, rest rooms, committee rooms, etc.

The great hall is beautifully finished and furnished. Our committee added simple but tasteful decorations, indicative of the Sunday school work and its extent. Above the platform was suspended a large globe, a reminder of the world wide scope of the work; above it was placed a red cross which, when lighted at night, was a beautiful symbol of the "light which lighted the world." Back of the platform and in front of the great organ, was the White Cross flag of Switzerland, with the flags of America and Great

Britain on either side. On the walls were two large pictures of Pestalozzi and Ulrich Zwingli.

Twenty-six hundred registered delegates, representing seventy countries, with thousands of unregistered visitors, brought together the ends of the earth at this one of the most remarkable religious gatherings in the history of the world. North America sent 1344 accredited representatives, Great Britain 288; Asia 83; Africa 56; Australia 30, and South America 24. Continental Europe enrolled 728. Every state except Utah and New Mexico was represented, and every Canadian province except Manitoba.

Before the opening of the convention a reception was given the delegates by Mrs. Reiter Bodman, in her beautiful home, where the Kaiser Wilhelm had been entertained, and where Wagner lived and wrote several of his great works.

Our party was most comfortably housed, our hotel having been reserved a year in advance. The table was all that could be desired; the food being abundant, well-cooked and beautifully served. Here we had our introduction to down beds as a covering. We were located on the principal street about a mile from the Tonhalle, but the car line thereto passed our door.

THE GREAT CONVENTION.

At the opening of the convention at Zurich a gavel from Burma was presented to the president, Dr. Bailey, of Philadelphia. It was in the shape of the gong and hammer used by the Burmes to call to service. It was made of wood from the home and prison of Adoniram Judson, the pioneer missionary to that country. The opening service was conducted by Bishop Vincent, and the sermon was delivered by Rev. Floyd Tompkins, of Philadelphia.

A general reception was given at which the mayor of the city made an address of welcome. Resident church officials gave words of greeting, and the American consul was quite enthusiastic in his welcoming. He said among other things that "as a good Catholic, I give a hearty hand clasp and a God-speed to any man whatever his creed, who strives for the betterment of humanity." The Methodist resident bishop, Dr. Nuelson, having been born in a Zurich parsonage, reared in America, then returned to his native city in the episcopal rotation, was peculiarly happy in his remarks.

An interesting feature of the convention was the bilingual

character of the exercises. About 71 per cent. of Swiss speak German. The program was given in English and German principally. The majority of Continental people speak French in addition to their own language. The interperter, Prof. Luring, of Frankfort, is a remarkable linguist; he speaks fluently and intelligently twenty-seven languages. Added to this great "gift of tongues," is a remarkable personality, a grace and dignity that were so expressive that they held the attention even of those who did not understand the language spoken. Persons who understood, pronounced some of the translations superior to the original addresses.

Dr. L. B. Meyer, of London, conducted devotional exercises each morning. This venerable man is an ardent Sunday school worker, not only in his own parish, but has compassed the globe in the study of schools and their needs.

The music of the convention was a pleasing feature; Miss Esslinger, daughter of a resident pastor, was the organist. A fine choir led the congregational singing.

A full report of the forty-five sessions held in those eight days is altogether too voluminous for these pages. Great themes were discussed, and far reaching plans laid by men of weight and world wide influence. Six commissions had been sent out long before to study school conditions in all lands, and their reports were most thrilling. A vast amount of information was thus presented, and being thorough, correct and up-to-date, furnished a solid foundation for plans for the future.

The missionary feature dominated the convention. As the result of the very stirring reports from Africa and the Orient, work among the Mohammedans was emphasized as being the most difficult, and at the same time, owing to new conditions among them, the most imperative. One representative from the Orient covered the situation by saying, "The most difficult thing to do in the world, is to induce the proudest man in the world to accept from the man he hates the thing he hates." And yet as a menace to civilization the Moslem rule heads the list and must be considered.

The convention placed in the hands of its executive committee $125,000 for advancing a work which Dr. Bailey declared represents "a large constituency, covers more territory and has a wider reach of influence than any other association of men and women the world has ever known.

Aside from the regular program, there were many pleasing events, notably that of the presentation by Dr. Ibuka, of Japan, of an invitation to hold the next World's Convention in Tokyo. On motion of Mr. Heinz, of Pittsburg, heartily seconded by Sir Francis Belsey, of London, the invitation was accepted with enthusiasm. The autumn of 1916 is the time fixed.

Another interesting episode was the presentation by Mr. Heinz to the association, of two fine portraits in oil, one of Bishop Vincent, and the other of Sir Francis Belsey. These were happily presented, and received in a most appreciative manner. They are to be hung in the Administration Building in Chicago.

An impressive service was held in memory of Mrs. Hartshorn, wife of the first vice president. News of her death in Boston reached us at sea by wireless. She and her husband have been pioneers in the World Sunday School work, and most generous supporters. Sunday morning was devoted to a mass meeting of the city Sunday schools. These filled the Tonhalle to overflowing so that no space on floor or galleries was left for visitors except the seats on the stage and the outside lobbies. One of the great churches was used at the same hour for the overflow. The order of exercises was the same in both places. The addresses were in German, and the singing was fine. At the close the schools marched to a nearby park and sang familiar hymns to the delight of thousands who gathered to hear them. The Sunday school army of which these Swiss schools are a part, numbers 28,700,00 in 298,000 schools; the largest Christian army in the world marching under one banner.

One evening of the convention was devoted to a concert given by a chorus of 450 picked voices under the leadership of Dr. Bucher. They sang in German, and were assisted by the Tonhalle orchestra of 42 pieces, one of the finest symphony orchestras in Europe. Other artists of great merit contributed, including a band of ten Swiss yodlers, who so enthused the multitude that they were allowed to leave the stage only after repeated encores, to which they most generously responded. Every seat was filled, and hundreds remained standing during the two hours of the concert.

The convention unanimously elected Sir Robert Laidlow, of London, as president for the next three years. This gentleman is an untiring Sunday school worker at home and in the wider field. He is a man of large affairs, having extensive business interests

both in England and India. He is a princely giver and for a long time has been a leader of the organized work in Great Britain. He is a Congregationalist. Mr. Heinz is chairman of the executive committee. Of his business qualification for the office it is not necessary to speak, but his great generosity and untiring activity in this field of usefulness may not be so generally known. With his keen foresight and generous planning, a great advance in the movement may be expected in the next three years.

The association of these two leading business men in a cause of such great interest to both, will mean much to humanity the world over. The close of the convention is the renewal of effort.

ALPINE TRIPS.

Zurich being the centre of scenic Switzerland, and a place from which all the principal points of interest have been made accessible, the members of the convention availed themselves of every opportunity for sightseeing. The tour of Lake Zurich is not the least of these excursions. It is bordered with many beautiful country homes, and with picturesque towns and villages all alive with business; with here and there quaint costumes and traces of antique customs, which are rapidly being crowded to the rear by this enterprising little republic.

Quite near the city rises the Uetilburg, the summit of which is reached by a mountain railway. The view from this point is magnificent. It includes a view of the entire range of the Swiss Alps from the frontier to Lake Constance, and from the plateau, with the Jura behind it, to the Black Forest. The mountains spread out in snowy billows and peaks all around, the city and lake lie directly below. There is a trail up the mountain for those who prefer to reach the top afoot.

A short trip by rail and boat takes one to Interlachen; and funicular and cog roads carry you to the top of Rigi and other famous peaks. Two ladies of our party joined a little company bound for Rigi. They were careful to provide themselves with sufficient Swiss money to cover the day's necessary expenses. When the time for descent drew near, they were so absorbed in the wonderful outlook that they missed the last car down. There they were, stranded alone on the summit of Rigi with no hope of getting down till next day. They counted their money, and decided they

THE LION OF LUCERNE

could only afford a bed and breakfast if these could be found in the little homes of the curio and refreshment people, who are always found in such places. After repeated efforts, they found a hospitable woman who gave them a clean bed, and a comforting breakfast which they relished after their long fast, and strenuous day. When they reached their hotel they laughed heartily over their adventure, but assured us there was little fun in being marooned over night on Rigi, with little money and less knowledge of the language.

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

I accompanied two friends to Lucerne. We were posted by those who had made the trip, as to the route, cost of round trip tickets, etc. At the station the young lady of our party fell into line at the ticket window, and asked for "three tickets to Lucerne and back." The clerk laid down three straight tickets. She refused them and repeated her order; this was without effect, and after a third refusal she was obliged to accept the tickets and make way for others. While we stood relieving our minds in regard to an official who would thus take advantage of strangers, Judge Chaffee and his ladies passed. They too had been unable to get round trip tickets, and we all knew they were on sale. The ride down the lake and through the pretty valleys between the mountains, with their clean little towns, to Lake Lucerne was very pleasant.

On our arrival, we passed from the station through a wide plaza to a large stone bridge over an arm of the lake. Looking about us from this point, we saw the town lying along the narrow valley which borders the lake and stretching up the gorges between the mountains. While the mountains themselves were so precipitous, so close above us, and so high, that it seemed that a clap of thunder, or any unusual atmospheric disturbance, would surely bring those great lofty masses of snow down upon us in an avalanche that would bury everything below. The loftiest, Pilatus, is so directly above the street on which the railroad station stands, that to the novice it seemed a dangerous neighborhood.

Leaving the bridge, we passed down a beautifully shaded boulevard along the lake front, and turned into a cross street that brought us to the heart of the town. The streets are fine and are bordered with substantial business houses and splendid hotels. Everything is planned to cater to the demands of the tourist.

Missing the right turning point, we brought up at an old stone church. I failed to get its history but it is evidently a sample of the infancy of architecture. The finish inside is plain and crude, and the statuary on the stone terrace outside is grotesque.

As the "Lion of Lucerne" was the object of our search, we retraced our steps. By the kindly aid of an English speaking lady who had noticed our hesitant movements, we found our way up the mountain side over a beautifully shaded roadway. A turn in the road brought us abruptly to our destination. Against the hillside stands an immense granite rock so imbedded in the mountain that only its chiseled face is exposed. Cut from this surface in bas relief, is the colossal figure of the dying lion which has made the fame of its sculptor, Thorwaldsen, immortal. It lies with paws extended protectingly over the shield of France, with a barb in its side from which the blood trickles. As we gazed at the drooping head and the closing eyes, we almost waited for the expiring breath.

Cut in the rock beneath is an inscription in Latin, dedicating the stone to the memory of the brave Swiss Guards, who, during the French Revolution gave their lives in defense of the royal family of France. About the base of the rock and protected by an iron rail, is a pretty pool in which water lilies grow. Near by is a very interesting curio store where the people were loading up with souvenirs. Just beyond, a gate opens into a park; but as a visit involved further climbing we returned to the town, taking our way leisurely through the streets. Recrossing the bridge, we visited a quaint aquariam for water fowl. It was a weir in the lake, enclosed by high wire fencing as are our poultry yards. Each species had a large division to itself. There I saw for the first time a black swan. I had always considered it a mythical creation.

On our way to the ticket office of the station, I noticed a railroad official, (they are all uniformed) who looked English. I asked if he spoke our language. "Yes, Madam. How can I serve you." We told the story of the round trip tickets, and asked for an explanation. He said we should have received them, and asked what we had asked for. Our young lady repeated the conversation —how she had asked for tickets "to Lucerne and back" and had been refused three times. "O," said he "these clerks must know their own language and French. 'If you had said 'to Lucerne and return' you would have been given the tickets. The French and

English for 'return' are so nearly the same, that he would have understood. He simply didn't know the word 'back.' " I record this incident that none of my readers may miss the round trip rates abroad. The trip, however, was well worth much more than it cost us.

This delightful day among most impressive scenes, in the mots congenial company, will remain a landmark in my memory.

A DAY AT HEIDELBERG.

With so many evidences of business activity both in the cities and agricultural regions, and with such rare educational advantages as both Switzerland and Germany afford, I expressed surprise that these people ever come to our new undeveloped country with its rawness still so near the surface. A gentleman of our party replied: "I thought that too, and to enlighten myself asked a railroad conductor one day what wages he received. 'Seventy-five cents a day,' he answered 'and if the service is satisfactory, at the end of a year twenty-five cents is added.' " The cost of living there is not so low as to make life comfortable, from our point of view, on such an income.

Everywhere more money and a "chance," are the reasons given for coming to America. No doubt enforced military duty is a potent though unexpressed cause of emigration. My conclusion is that the middle classes of Europe rarely leave their country. Those who do, have been unfortunate in some way that makes a change desirable. But the "son of toil" looks westward with longing eyes to a land where the labor of his hands finds adequate recompense, to a land of opportunity.

We left Zurich regretfully. There are so many interesting points within easy reach, that a whole season could be delightfully spent there. Going north, by rail we passed into an open rolling country which ends in the Black Forest. Here for miles the hills and valleys are covered with a dense growth of a species of pine with a heavy, dark foliage, which almost produced twilight at midday, and which gives name to the region. Here the Swiss obtain the wood for their famous carvings. From potteries among these hills, are sent out a quaint ware in medieval shapes and markings.

Our first stop this day was at the old university town of

Heidelberg. Upon leaving the train we were told to leave in our compartments our handbags, wraps and umbrellas—the cars would be locked, side-tracked and in the care of the porters. We had done this on previous short stops and found it a relief. Heidelberg is built on both sides of the river Neckar, in a valley surrounded by heavily timbered mountains. It is an old city, built for all time, well-paved and clean.

It is the centre of the toy industry; many of the dolls our children have are made here. But the great university has made the city famous, and is the Mecca toward which students all over the world turn longing faces.

As we approached the city every eye had watched the opposite mountain for a first-sight of the great castle of Heidelberg. There it stood in bold relief, high up the mountain side, with massive foundation and outer wall, parapet, rampart, its turrets, its towers, its keep, all complete as "in days of old when men were bold." A drive through the principal streets gave us a comprehensive idea of the city; then passing through a suburb we began to climb to the castle.

THE WAY THITHER.

The road wound around the mountain side, passing cozy little homes in woody recesses overlooking the city and river below, until we arrived at the Castle Park. No carriages are allowed to enter here. From the general lay of the land—being very precipitous—I concluded that this level park is an artificial formation; having been made by cutting down the mountains above and filling in below, thus building a flat area of several acres. Here is evidence of careful planting and beautifying, though a growth of centuries gives a dense woodland effect. The gravelled walks are well-kept, the undergrowth cleared away, the grass clean and clipped, and the shrubbery trimmed. Here and there pavilions on the border give the beautiful views of the city.

At the outer entrance to the castle we were met by the local guide, an intelligent German lady who spoke English. From the first gate we crossed an open space to the drawbridge over the moat.

The moat is now empty and grass grown; but in times of necessity a depth of twenty-five feet of water was maintained. The drawbridge over which we passed is strong enough to bear the weight of heavy artillery. This brought us to the sally-post

through walls seventeen feet thick. Here hangs the portcullis of massive timber and iron bands, in the centre of which is the wicket through which the guardsman may take observation before he gives admittance. Passing under, we emerged into a wide, open, paved court, around the three sides of which the castle is built.

I stood and gazed around, suddenly transferred to the fourteenth century. Without closing my eyes, my mental vision revealed the prancing steeds with their armored riders with polished shield and lance glittering in the sunlight, dashing through the gate way; and the plumed knights on gayly caparisoned horses, and dainty ladies with poised falcons returning from the hunt, and could hear the ring of the hoofs of their pretty palfreys on the cobbled court.

In the centre of the main building is the great banquet hall, now used for the display of antiquities belonging to the castle. Some pictures and statues which adorned this ancient stronghold, still remain and keep alive its stories of medieval chivalry and heroism. From the rampart in front of the castle we gazed down the precipitous face of the mountain hundreds of feet to the valleys below, with the whole city and river spread out before us. Modern artillery from this point could defend the whole valley.

We inspected the living rooms, the barracks, the store-rooms, now bare and untenanted, passing through doors in stone walls sometimes twenty-five feet thick, climbed narrow steep stairways to balconies above, and to the summits of towers from which the views are indescribable. We followed the guide down into the court yard and into the rooms below where servants had been quartered, and the domestic machinery had place. Here in the wine room we saw the "biggest barrel on earth"—a great wine cask so immense that a railed platform on top of it affords room for a dance.

Within these walls is room for ample sustenance and refreshment for a long siege. In fact so nearly impregnable is the castle that reduction by starvation seems the only possible way.

From the Castle Park we were driven to the university. These are plain, substantial brick buildings. Here are to be seen the usual scholastic appurtenances of a great school. The town seems quiet, and an academic atmosphere seems to pervade the place, which certainly is conducive to uninterrupted study and deep thought.

FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAIN.

When we arrived at the railroad station at Heidelberg to resume our journey, we found our train had been abandoned and a new one awaited us. This was our first stop over the Swiss frontier. The roads in Germany are owned by the government. All our belongings, wraps, handbags, umbrellas, as well as heavy baggage had been transferred, but we were assured of their safety. Meanwhile our conductors and the local authorities were in noisy discussion of the change. Our representatives were protesting with all the vehement gesticulations of excited Italians, and the other party stood like statuary, but rolled out German gutturals like muttering thunder. I suppose it was all satisfactorily explained, for "grim visaged war smoothed its wrinkled front," and we were put aboard as though nothing unusual had occurred.

On the train we discovered all our belongings heaped promiscuously in the baggage car. The entire time to Frankfurt was occupied in assorting and distributing. A young lady in my compartment very kindly looked after my interest. Nothing was missing eventually, but the name pin from my jacket,—dropped in the handling I presume,—and the "fifty dollar bonnet" of the Western suffragette; and "how could she visit friends in Germany without that bonnet!"

The search and wail were kept up all the way to Frankfurt, when it suddenly ceased. That the bonnet was found was only an inference, for none of us ever saw it before the loss or after.

From the car windows we saw on every hand evidences of a growing industry in fields of the sugar beets, but the vine still held possession of the hillsides. As we neared the city, we became aware of an industrial life that reminded us of our home towns. The tall stacks of foundries and factories, the murky atmosphere, smoke-stained buildings and the stir of things doing, interested the men of our party. "This place is alive," they said, "there's business here as we know business."

To reach our hotel we crossed the river which is here from 350 to 400 feet wide. The two parts of the city are connected by six stone bridges. Charlemagne founded the city, and built one of these bridges. It still remains in fine condition, a monument to the wisdom and skill of men who took time and care to build a perma-

nency. The massive piers with strong buttresses are almost black with age, but show no other sign of the passing of time. Not many years ago a fine statue of Charlemagne was erected on this bridge.

The hotel here seemed below the status of our previous entertainment. Mine host and his assistants, in their anxiety for our comfort, seemed to be striving to make the best of the situation. The food was abundant, but not so well served; the rooms were comfortable, but shabby. A general dissatisfaction was soon apparent, and our lady of the fifty dollar decoration descended to the office in open mutiny. She demanded a better room, and refused to touch the dinner. Some changes were made with profuse apologies, and we settled for the night. Upon referring to our itinerary we discovered that this night and a day in Frankfurt was a gratuity which our general transportation committee had been able to give us; and as it was an afterthought, had done their best in the way of entertainment. When we realized what we would have missed by merely passing through the city, we were grateful for the change.

Frankfurt is not only a hive of industry, but it is full of historic interest. We engaged large sight-seeing carriages, and my party was exceptionally fortunate in having a guide who spoke good English, knew the city thoroughly, and was anxious that we should see and appreciate it. He gave the population at 400,000, with 400 millionaires.

THE OLD CITY.

In the newer sections of the city the streets are wide and handsome, the buildings of modern designs; but in the old town are seen the heavily timbered fronts, with each story projecting a little over the lower on up to the high peaked gables, thus apparently adding floor space to each story. All are kept in good condition and occupied. There are no ruins to be shown. The streets are narrow and crooked, but kept in fine condition and perfectly clean. Every turn reveals something of special interest.

Every one knows of the Frankfurt sausage factories. A dog flew at our carriage and barked savagely. A gruff old gentleman who had seemed to notice nothing before, spoke now: "Shut up! don't you know they make sausage here?" The old town has long

been famous for its cider. The places where it is sold are indicated by a green wreath hung over the door.

The old wall around the town has been cleared away and a beautifully shaded boulevard made in its place. A remnant of the old wall with a gateway and tower above remains. The old market is very interesting. We visited the Kaiser Dom, a cathedral begun in the ninth century, where fifteen Electors, also Wilhelmn I, were crowned. We saw the throne room, the lockers where the ancient dignitaries kept their robes of office, the arms and tombs of patricians, and the ancient archives. Here, too, we saw the original "Christ from the Cross" by Van Dyck.

We were taken to the church where Luther preached his first sermon, and shown the house which was his stopping place. "Now" said the guide, "I'll show you the Ghetto." Of course we thought of the squalid, remote-hiding place of the despised medieval money-lender, and showed our surprise, to his evident amusement, when we turned into a narrow but well-kept street, lined with beautiful homes with every evidence of respectability and modern comfort. The Jewish Quarter is an ornament to the city. Here we saw the home of the elder Rothschild, and the building in which he opened his first bank.

The whole city abounds in fine squares ornamented with fountains, statuary and monuments, commemorative of men and events that have made Germany great. A room in a hotel was pointed out as the place where the treaty of peace was finally completed after the Franco-Prussian war.

The home of Goethe is in the centre of a solid block. It is of the middle-age type, four stories high, and is open to the public. It is furnished, as the family used it. We entered a central hall directly from the pavement. The ceilings are low, the rooms of medium size, and the stairways are broad and easy. The parlors and library are furnished in handsome but well-worn furniture. On the walls are family portraits, some of them being old time silhouttes in black and white. In addition there are oil paintings and mirrors of great value. The kitchen is complete in its old time appurtenances, and the dining-room is equally quaint and suggestive of German hospitality. Taken altogether, aside from its historical interest, this house is a faithful representation of the home life of a nobleman of the 18th century. We were shown a window in the

projecting corner of a room in the third story, with which a bit of sentiment is connected The story goes that Father Goethe, indiscreetly fell in love with a pretty girl neighbor, and had this window cut that he might see her as she passed below. Where Frau Goethe or their famous son was, while the old man gazed upon the unconscious object of his affections, remains a secret.

At the station a crowd of children gathered to see the "foreigners." Little boys in long pantaloons, tight jackets and caps with visors, quaint little blue-eyed girls with fair rosy faces and long flaxen braids; bareheaded except for an occasional close cap that covered the ears. Some of them knitting as they gazed. Shy and quiet, but not at all afraid, they seemed pleased at the attention our German speaking folks gave them; but could not be coaxed to sing for us while we waited for our train.

Although we traveled through the summer, I can't recall seeing a bare-footed child on the Continent.

WIESBADEN.

We left Frankfurt with enlarged ideas of what this old German city means to the world of literature, finance and industrial art. It boasts of Gutenberg in the development of the art of printing; of Schiller and Goethe in the realm of literature; of Dennecker in his wonderful Ariadne in marble; of the Rothschilds who finance nations. Here, as elsewhere, we followed the trail of Napoleon as he swept over the Continent. The statue of Bismarck suggests the thought that if the iron hand of the Great Chancellor could have been laid upon him, his dream of universal empire would have met a final awakening before it reached the German frontier.

The surrounding country gives evidence of great productiveness. Fine cattle grazed in the fields, and we saw exposed for sale strawberries as large as apricots. The Falls of the Rhine are a series of cascades, resembling, somewhat, Tigart Valley Falls of West Virginia, when seen during a flood. Quite picturesque, but to those who have seen Niagara, Yosemite and the Yellowstone Falls, they seem rather tame.

We arrived at Wiesbaden late in the afternoon, and were driven to our hotel through the most beautiful street of our tour. Such a driveway could only be maintained in a health resort, for the traffic of a business city would make it impossible. A wide asphalt roadway is bordered with paved side walks, and grass like velvet. At regular intervals are shaded trees of uniform size, under which are placed comfortable seats At the root of each tree a rambler rose is planted, and the long branches are trained from tree to tree in most graceful festoons. At the time of our visit these festoons were in full bloom. Handsomely dressed ladies were seated in the shade, and pretty children played about them in the grass. The effect can more easily be imagined than described.

We stopped at the Palast Hotel, quite near the hot baths for which this town is famous. Here we found every comfort, and every luxury that modern hotel life can supply. After dinner we visited a near-by public garden —not a beer garden by any means— where we met many of our fellow pilgrims. We spent a delightful evening in this scene of enchantment, exchanging experiences and impressions of travel as we watched the gay passing throng, the play of the fountains in their gorgeous electric illumination, while

above, beneath, and all-pervading were the strains of such music as only Germany can produce.

THE RHINE.

Next morning after an early visit to the baths, we were taken by trolley through the town, and then five miles out to the river where a steamboat awaited us for the journey down the Rhine. Our experienced travelers passed a word of caution here, in regard to the pilfering tendencies of the souvenir peddlers, who ply their trade on the Rhine boats,—the dying embers, possibly, of the old time piracy on the river, for we met it no where else in Europe.

The river itself, aside from its scenic attractions and historical associations, is of interest as the great artery through which flows the commerce of the north and south. It is alive with traffic. Steam tugs towing great heavily loaded scows and barges, were always in sight. Here we saw the first coal and lumber in transit. A railroad with its flying trains follows the shore line on each side as on our Hudson. Both banks are protected the entire way with heavy masonry.

The first place of note to be reached is the busy town of Mayence, or Mainz. Here the name of Gutenberg, the discoverer of the art of printing, is held in respect almost bordering on reverence. Above on the vine clad hills, stand the tower and ruins of the old castle of Bromserberg. Not far distant on the opposite side is seen upon the summit of a high hill, the great "National Monument of Germans," which commemorates the unanimous uprising of the people in the restoration of the German Empire in 1870-71.

Then Bingen, "Fair Bingen on the Rhine," came into view. The "Bingen" which the art of its neighbor's pride, Gutenberg, has made familiar to school boys the world over. It was amusing to hear our gray-haired school boys aboard declaim the woes of the "soldier that lay dying in Algiers." It seems to be a busy town, and for beauty of situation might bring home-sickness to its sons wherever they stray.

Just below in a sharp bend of the river, is a small island on which stands the ancient Mouse Tower, now used as a signal station. The name grew from an old legend. The story goes that in the olden time, a crafty Baron who lay in wait here to exact toll from passing vessels, forseeing great want through a failure of the crops,

bought up all the grain and held it at fabulous prices. To escape the fury of the starving people, he locked himself and his grain in this stronghold, but an army of mice invaded the tower, and devoured the old man along with his grain.

That no part of the castellated heights might escape us, we vibrated from side to side of the boat; for no turn of the river is without its charm. In response to one of the many calls: "Oh, look!" "Don't miss this!" and the like, a young lady making hurried notes, turned her head for a minute; on glancing back at her work she missed her fountain pen. A hurried search was made in which all her neighbors joined, but no trace of it could be found. Later in the day a young fellow who had been busy on deck, announced that he had found a pen on the companion-way. It proved to be the missing article, and he demanded a reward equal to the price of the pen. Some of our men folks delivered a quiet American ultimatum to the fellow, and restored the pen to the owner.

A great castle fully restored, standing high above the river, was pointed out as the property of Prince Henry of Prussia. It is said to contain a valuable collection of art treasures. The castle of Rheinfels, the largest on the Rhine, belongs to the German Emperor. Another standing out boldly on the steep hill side with turret, tower and ramparts all complete as in the olden time, is the property of a wealthy American. A little town nestles on the shore beneath each dominating castle, and each town has its tall watch tower. One can easily imagine the sentinel in his lofty perch, watching the approaching merchant's craft that must pay bountiful toll if it failed to elude his vigilance.

And the Lorelei famed in story and song. There it stood out in the stream, its high rocky front narrowing the channel, and causing a sharp bend in the river which made a point of danger to old navigators. The legend which inspired Heine and other German writers, tells how the beautiful syrens who inhabited this hill, came out upon the rock, and combing their beautiful hair with golden combs in the sunlight, lured the entranced sailors to their death in the treacherous channels below, and thus possessed themselves of the wrecked cargo.

At the junction of the Moselle with the Rhine stands a monument to William I. Many of these castles were devasted in

times of war and are still in ruins. Some of them have passed into tho hands of the Society for the Preservation of German Castles. Only one, the Marksburg, has been preserved through the centuries from the hand of the destroyer. Some have been the scenes of fierce fights in the Middle Ages, and their defense are thrilling episodes in history.

COLOGNE.

Cologne lies in a fine open country, and is connected by a magnificent iron bridge with the town of Deutz on the opposite side of the Rhine. It is an old city, having been founded by the Romans. It is of the usual German type, well-built, substantial and clean. The water front was alive with the bustle and stir of traffic, and every variety of river craft was to be seen.

The two tall spires of the world-renowned Cathedral were the first to greet us as we came in sight of the city. Our hotel was in its immediate vicinity, and we found the principal objects of interest within easy reach. We were up "by times" the next morning, and ready for a tour of inspection.

The Cathedral occupies a central position and covers a large area. On three sides the near-by buildings are too near to allow a fair estimate of its immensity and beauty. Only from a plaza on the fourth side can one get an uninterrupted perspective; and then words fail, we can only look and wonder in silence. It is Germany's most imposing structure, and the finest Gothic building in the world. It was begun in 1248 and finished in 1880 at a cost of $10,000,000. The interior is beyond my powers of description. There are massive marble columns, exquisite sculpture and paintings, magnificent altars with all the glittering paraphernalia connected with the service.

From the cathedral we were taken to the church of St. Ursula. This is an old stone building gray with age. Inside the room flagged floors and wooden benches spoke of service running back through the centuries, to the time when art was young. At intervals along the walls are placed huge stone coffins said to contain the remains of the martyrs for whose entombment this church was built.

Passing into an annex, we found ourselves in a room devoted

to these martyrs and a shrine to St. Ursula. The story connected with the relics was given us by the priest in charge.

He spoke excellent English, and told the story in a most interesting way. He was careful to explain that he was giving us an ancient tradition which is not always borne out by history or modern investigation. Evidently it was to him, as to us, useful and interesting only as a revelation of the far away dawn of Christianity, when men, groping for the light, saw "men as trees walking."

This is the story he told. An English princess of the long, long ago was to be married, and asked that she might be allowed first to make a pilgrimage to Rome. This was granted and she set out upon her journey accompanied by 1100 young women as companions. Having successfully performed the sacred duty, they returned in safety to the site of this city. Here they were set upon by a tribe of Huns and massacred. Years after their bones were carefully collected and this church erected for their preservation, and to commemorate the lives of the pious princess and her fellow martyrs.

The dome-like ceiling of the room which we were shown is entirely covered with small bones arranged in geometrical designs. On a breast high shelf, somewhat like the top of a wainscot extending around the walls, the skulls are displayed. These are gayly decorated in gilding and bright colors covering their entire surface. They are all of normal size; but the bones on the walls and ceiling are those of diminutive women. Possibly only small bones were selected. It certainly is a gruesome exhibition. Another version of the story given us was, that once upon a time when England was threatened with an invasion of the Danes, the women and children were sent here for safety, but were destroyed by the Huns. Some anatomists who have examined this collection, profess to have found the bones of dogs among them.

We were shown an ancient shrine of rare workmanship, and a cracked alabaster box said to be the one broken to annoint the Master's feet. It was brought from Nazareth by the crusaders. It is in the shape of an ancient vase and is quite large. We had been told that this church possessed the handkerchief with which Veronica wiped the Master's face on His way to Calvary. One of our ladies asked to see it but was told they only had a copy. It

wasn't shown. The art gallery in Cologne displays the original portrait of Queen Louise.

IN THE STORES.

In contradiction of its name, Mark Twain designated this city as a place of bad smells. We detected nothing malodorous, and saw no cologne factories; but every store we entered displayed perfumery, and every salesman seemed to think that was what we had come for, regardless of the rigid search at the English custom house for continental perfumery.

Each change of country brought a new monetary system to be learned. Before leaving Italy we had become familiar with the centime and the lira. The lira—20 cents nearly—was easily managed, but to be asked twenty-five centimes for the merest trifle seemed appalling, till we remembered to divide by five, and reached the nickel of our comprehension. Journeying north we crossed frontiers so frequently that we scarcely learned one currency until we passed to another. Banks and leading business places have a wholesome regard for the American dollar, but the small tradesman rarely knows any coinage but that of his own country. The small pieces are most confusing and we learned to carry as little as possible over to the next place. The mark—20 cents—was easily handled through Germany and Holland. The franc was seldom refused anywhere. In one dry goods store I encountered a salesman who spoke English unusually well, but could only understand a few phrases, such as "Do you speak English?" etc.

Everywhere we met the finest courtesy. In a street car in Zurich, the conductor very politely indicated to my friend that her long hat pin must be removed. She smilingly complied, when a lady opposite produced from her hand-bag, a hat pin shield which she courteously offered. It was thankfully accepted—all without a word—just a gracious courtesy which made language superfluous.

We left Cologne by rail. The journey from this point carried us away from the hills to a lower level country, with fine cattle grazing everywhere. The fields are divided by ditches and canals, and wind-mills are always in sight. Here and there the low thatched cottages betoken the life of labor, but not of poverty.

The farms are as clean as well-kept gardens, and not a foot of ground is wasted. As evening drew on, men and women passed through the fields carrying milking stools, and with buckets suspended from yokes across their shoulders. The cows were scarcely disturbed in their grazing to be milked. The comfortable looking farm houses with their numerous outbuildings, all of stone and with red tiled roofs, have a settled come-to-stay appearance that bespeak a contented people.

The week had been a strenuous one; but the excellent accommodation provided for us at the Hague promised a good, quiet Sunday rest.

THE HAGUE.

The very name suggests wide spreading trees, shaded walks and drives, and forest parks. It is literally a city in the woods, a pleasant change from the open, low country through which we had been traveling. Our hotel here bordered a public square on which stands the palace of the Queen Mother, the building occupied by Napoleon when in power here and several fine administration buildings. Not far away is the church in which the present Queen was married.

Our rooms were large and exquisitely furnished, and the table was excellent. Our party seemed to fill every available space. Two of our ladies occupied a private parlor which naturally became the rallying point for the feminine portion of our section. The weather was bright, but so cool that wraps were necessary during our stay. We frequently saw ladies in furs on the streets.

While at breakfast Sunday morning a gentleman came in to invite us to an English service in a church near. He proved to be a delegate from this country to a Congress of the Association for the Suppression of the Opium Traffic, then in session in the city. Some of our party went for the day to Leyden, the port from which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed for the new world, others to Delft—both nearby cities. The majority rested in their rooms.

A Sabbath quiet seemed to prevail. The church hour is much earlier in this country than with us. It filled the streets with well-clothed, quietly moving people, singly, in pairs, and in family groups, each one carrying a book of service. The afternoon brought out what seemed to be a more holiday throng. Young men and their sweethearts, evidently husbands and wives, sweethearts still even when surrounded by their children, for they all walked hand in hand. Each young man gave the girl his arm, and then protected the clinging hand so tenderly. This seemed to be an established custom and no violation of propriety.

Of course we knew our own party, but in the mixed crowd of diners there was no way of determining different nationalities—we all looked alike. Language was no assistance there, for in Europe the public is no place for conversation. The low voice does not carry beyond the ear to which it is directed. We Americans had by this time become unconsciously subdued, an exemplification of the influence of environment.

Monday morning we started early for the drive over the city. Passing the Zoological Gardens we drove through the great forest-like park to the House-in-the-Woods where the Peace Congress is held. This palace, though a royal residence, has a rather unpretentious appearance from the outside. Those of Germany and Holland are more severe in their outlines than elsewhere in Europe. This one is of stone and red brick, and faces a very pretty court-yard. Entering from the park the view is unobstructed; the other buildings extend from the sides and rear. The royal family occupy the upper floors. At that time they were in Haarlem, but were expected to spend August here. We were taken through the state apartments on the first-floor. These rooms are beautifully decorated, and contain masterpieces of pictures and statuary. Every ornament has a history—the gift of king, queen or nation.

The room in which the Congress is held was called the Orange room, and was originally the ball-room of the palace. It is circular in shape, and the walls are covered with paintings by Rubens and his pupils, symbolical of the life of Prince Henry—a tribute to his memory by his wife. The most notable object in this room is the Peace Door. That it was constructed long before the agitation for universal peace, is an evidence of the kindly heart of the Hollander It is being opened by two life-size figures, on one side an angel representing peace, on the other Hercules representing strength.

The entire furnishing of one room is the production of China's highest art—a gift from that nation. The lights in the great chandelier are arranged in egg-shell tea cups with the saucers inverted as shades. Another room was the gift of Japan. There we saw teak wood furniture with wonderful hand carvings, and the most exquisite inlays of ivory and mother-of-pearl; screens and cabinets the work of a life time. On the walls are seen paintings by Japanese artists. We were shown the room in which Queen Sophia died. It is kept as it was at the time of her death. The bed with its heavy drapery partly drawn, is still in the disarranged condition of the death scene, the silk coverlet having been drawn up over the pillows.

The morning drive through the level forest to Scheveningen on the North Sea—the Atlantic City of Holland—was most delightful. We passed through the town first; through a long street

bordered with the usual trading places found near pleasure resorts. Stores of souvenirs, post-cards, stationery. Shops for laces of native hand work, Dutch caps and wooden shoes. Laundries, bakeries, restaurants, with men in native dress and wooden shoes smoking long pipes waiting for customers. And beyond, out of sight of this homely every-day life, we came to the sea with its great stretch of beach and rolling surf, with its crowd of pleasure-seekers loitering on the sand, filling the queer hooded willow beach chairs, and passing in and out of the bath houses. These are small constructions on wheels, with steps leading up to a door in front. They are drawn down to the water edge, making the transit to the surf shorter and less public than at our sea-side resorts. The fishwomen in their picturesque dress and wooden shoes, returning from the boats in the distance with loaded baskets on their heads, added quaintness to the scene. The great hotels and other buildings are placed some distance from the water, thus giving a wide, comprehensive view, unobstructed by the bathing houses, picture galleries, or other ugly catch-penny places that so detract from the beauty of American beaches.

Returning to the city we saw the famous Peace Palace then nearing completion. Our guide was careful to remind us of the $250,000 Mr. Carnegie had put in it. In the old section we visited the old prison famous in the time of the Spanish invasion. While waiting on the pavement to be admitted, our guide said, "You are now standing on the spot where in 1672 John DeWitt, a Dutch statesman and patriot, and his brother were murdered." This gave me the initial chill. Passing through a heavy, narrow door into an entry, we were first taken to the small court around which the prison is built. In an angle of the wall is a small brick one and a half story building of two rooms. In the lower room the condemned man was put for his last day and given his last meal. The room above has but one outside opening, a window in the gable about six feet from the opposite wall where a door and window open into the kitchen. Here those sentenced to death by starvation were left to die with the scent of food cooking always in their nostrils.

Inside the prison the cells are reached by narrow, steep stone stairs, and along low narrow passages lighted by high barred windows. The doors are of massive oak with great iron hinges and

bolts. In one room larger and lighter than the rest, is a collection of the arms and utensils of that age. Here too, are preserved the instruments of torture that were used to bring the noncompromising to terms. In a huge stone fire-place hang the branding irons. In the centre of the room are piled the rack with its horrible equipment, and the stocks. On the walls are displayed the pincers, thumbscrews, and the melancholy writings of the condemned. Everything is old, worn and original. Nothing is a replica. On the top floor is one room the floor of which is six hundred years old. It is worn in hollows and ruts and worm-eaten, but is still strong and serviceable. I passed out into the light and cheer of present day conditions, wondering if civilized man could ever relapse into such cruel barbarity.

AMSTERDAM AND ISLE OF MARKEN.

As we journeyed through the region of bogs and marshes which lie too low for natural drainage, we were interested in observing the method of reclaiming the land. Land protected by dikes is lined with ditches from which the water is pumped into canals by windmills. The railroads are built on these dikes. We saw many varieties of water-fowl. Domestic ducks and geese were plentiful, and an occasional blue heron came into view. Here and there a stork stood on one leg in the conventional manner. We had become accustomed to the sight of their huge nests on house tops.

Some of the windmills are so large that the ground floors are occupied by families. Our train obligingly stopped to give our camera fiends a snap at the most picturesque. Fine cattle were always in sight. All kinds of vegetables are grown, not only for home consumption, but for the extensive export trade in seeds.

Our hotel at Haarlem was very comfortable, but the effort to accommodate such a large party seemed a tax upon its facilities. My chum and I were ensconced in the winter dining-room. It was a large room with lofty ceiling, elaborately furnished and decorated in true Dutch style. The great tiled fireplace supported a mantle with quaint Delft ornaments. The massive buffet extending almost to the ceiling, the high paneled wainscot with its plate rail, were all of old oak in beautiful carving. Every pottery on the Continent seemed to have contributed to the display of china. The waxed parquetry floor displayed a handsome drugget and rugs.

NATIVES OF THE ISLE OF MARKEN

A glance around revealed a bed in each corner, and on the big dining table four separate groups of toilet accessories. The two Australian ladies who were to share this magnificent incongruity with us, took the situation philosophically; my friend was indignant, but I enjoyed the new experience and was only sorry I had so little time for investigation.

A crowd of bright-faced but curious youngsters filled the sidewalk before the entrance to the hotel to see the "menagerie;" but after a little talk with our German speaking folks they quietly scattered. Haarlem is just like other busy, clean, well-built Dutch cities. Our ladies visited the shops in search of the queer white-winged caps the women wear.

Next morning we went to the Isle of Marken by the way of Amsterdam, where we were transferred from the train to a boat. The scene in the harbor is full of interest. Vessels of all descriptions are to be seen. We landed a few miles out, where we crossed quite a peninsula by trolley, passing through quaint old towns to the most ancient of all, Monnikendam on the Zuyder Zee. Here we took steamer over this beautiful arm of the German Ocean. The day was fine, and the little islands dotted the horizon like emeralds.

Marken has a population of about 1200. The men are deep sea fishermen. The women and the old men do the farming; they were getting in the hay at the time of our visit. As we neared the wharf the women engaged in rinsing their wash in the sea never paused in their work; but some men and little children from the village were posed on the bank to see the landing. They seemed to understand that they were part of the show, were accustomed to it, and prized the privilege.

These people wear the same dress and lead the same life that their ancestors did fourteen hundred years ago,—and there is money in it to them now. Marken is a show place that attracts hundreds of tourists every year. The women and children dress alike. When the boys reach seven years they assume the dress of the men. There are no children's styles. The dress consists of a dark woolen skirt gathered in very full at the waist, and reaching half way from the knee to the foot; above this is a close fitted round waist of gay material with a bright kerchief about the neck A flowered cap fits the head, closely tied under the chin, and before

each ear a long curl hangs down. The children's hair floats over their shoulders from beneath the cap. To distinguish the boy, a round patch about the size of a silver dollar is sewed to the crown of his cap. Every woman and girl who was not otherwise employed was knitting woolen stockings. These with wooden shoes cover their feet even in summer. The men are topped with flat caps with visors. They wear short tight jackets, and trousers so wide they are gathered in at the waist like the women's skirts.

We were shown their homes with the quaint box beds and fat pillows, their old Dutch dishes and cooking utensils, while in and out and all around us, rosy flaxen haired girls drove a thriving trade in post cards, wooden shoes in miniature, and Dutch placecards. I suspect they would sell anything not an everyday necessity, except their wedding clothes which are handed down from generation to generation. Fashion never changes here.

Returning, we wandered over the queer old town of Monnikendam,—visited a kindergarten in charge of two Sisters who received us cordially and had the children sing for us. Then we entered the town church, where tablets in the floor indicate the graves of their notable dead The tower and belfry of the oldest church are all that remain. This bell still proclaims the hour, and a bugler blows a horn on a little balcony below; while a horseman prances round followed by a footman. This is the original apparatus,—bell, figures, clock-work and all,—that was placed here when the church was built in the 14th century.

In Amsterdam we visited the public buildings. In the art galleries we saw the masterpieces of Dutch art, notably those of Rembrandt. His "Night Watch" and "Anatomical Lesson" once seen can never be forgotten. Our visit to the diamond cutters was of peculiar interest. The building is solid, grimy and prison-like. The doors and passages narrow, and the windows below are high and barred. We were taken, a half dozen at a time, to the upper floor, where the processes were carefully explained and demonstrated. We were shown replicas of all the famous diamonds in the world - the Koh-i-noor, the Cullinan, the Blue Diamond, etc.

Amsterdam, like Venice, is built upon islands reinforced by piles. But unlike Venice, its streets are regular and wide with canals through the centre; on each side are ample drives and wide

tree-lined side-walks. These canals greatly facilitate the enormous foreign traffic for which the city is noted.

The window mirrors are unique to say the least. They are sometimes set in the wide outside frame, and sometimes project beyond the window from an iron bracket attached to the frame in such a way as to give the person inside a view of the passerby.

A second hand market extends square after square. Here is exposed for sale everything that humanity needs. It is piled in heaps, stretched out in windrows in the open, and in every stage of decline from the barely used to refuse for the scrap pile. After a most interesting drive over the city we returned by train to Haarlem for the night.

BELGIUM.

From Holland we passed into this hive of industry. The soil here we were told is not favorable to agriculture; but necessity is a wonderful spur, and the farmers are said to be the best in Europe. The wealth of Belgium lies in its minerals, of which iron and coal are the most important. It is the source of fuel supply for France, and we saw great barges of it on the Rhine. The products of Belgian factories are confessedly superior.

Brussels, where we made headquarters, has a population of 850,000. It is a gay city, sometimes called another Paris. It is built for beauty, and is wonderfully decorated with handsome squares, public gardens, fountains, arches and statuary. To the casual observer there seems to be nothing distinctively Belgian. Their public buildings are magnificent—less austere than in Holland—but the life we saw about us seemed to be a commingling of Dutch and French. Dutch solidity modifies French frivolity. Germany makes haste slowly. Belgium is busy and swift; French is spoken, French money circulates.

Our first afternoon here was so showery that I declined joining an auto party to Waterloo which lies ten miles south, and went with others to see the wonderful laces and other textile attractions of the city. Here I had trouble in exchanging American money for French. On one busy street we found ourselves part of a great crowd which filled the side-walks for squares. We were told that this was the day for the annual pageant in honor of Motherhood, Industry and Temperance. A custom which has been observed in the same manner for centuries.

The parade, four deep, was headed by a fine band in gay uniform. This was followed by a float bearing a group of statuary, a mother and her children, with a large mounted escort in medieval costumes, (their hair cut square across the shoulder), with lance at rest, and the prancing horses gay with nodding plumes, gilded mountings and with gold fringed covers. Then came a procession of boys in white uniform representing the youth of the land. Each carried a tall pole with garlands and flying ribbons. A battalion of cavalry came next. Industry was represented by a body of young men also in white, carrying red shields displaying emblems of the guilds. A float carried a beautiful girl in white drapery—the emblem of Temperance. Each division of the parade had its medieval and military escort, its music and its long line of footmen, all marching with military precision. To western eyes it was a revelation of far away times—a sight that compensated for the loss of the visit to the battlefield. King Albert and Queen Elizabeth reviewed the parade from a hotel nearby.

The site of the original town is a level plain. Here are many old buildings of historic interest, kept in repair and still in use. Brussels tolerates no ruins. The newer and more fashionable section of the city is on the easy slope of a hillside. Here are the king's palace, the administration buildings and the diplomatic residences. The streets are wide, the grounds spacious, and beautifully planned and ornamented.

We were driven through fine streets lined with elegant homes, that five years ago were marshes. They boast of a growth that averages 3000 new buildings a year. If I had been told this of some of our frontier towns, I would have accepted it with due allowance, as a manifestation of our western exuberance. I give it here as it was given to me. There is, however, abundant evidence of marvelous growth.

The Arch of Triumph commemorating the independence of Belgium, is one of the ornaments of the city. The great palace built by Leopold II, which he presented to the government just before his death, is a masterpiece of modern architecture, but very suggestive of the blood money drawn from the Congo Free State.

The Court of Justice is not only one of the finest in Europe, but it is the largest compact building. The entire building as it now stands is on the original plan, built to completion under the

personal supervision of one architect, with no afterthought of annexes. It is the great work of one man's life, and so absorbed he became in its development, that when it stood complete he was taken to a sanitarium, a nervous wreck. The most pathetic feature of the story is that upon his recovery the memory of his accomplishment was entirely gone from him. He did not remember the building, or that he had ever had anything to do with it.

Passing the carriages of a bridal party, our guide took us to the City Hall to see the civil ceremony. Certain days in the week are reserved here for marriages of royalty and nobility. Other classes are never married on these days.' This happened to be an upper class day. We stood in line in the long ante-room before the open door to the court, and saw the signing of papers, registration, etc. Then the procession marched by us to the stair leading to the court yard. First came the ushers and the groom, then the bride and her father, following were young ladies and matrons and elderly men. The men were in court dress, some in military full dress; the ladies looked just as our well-to-do look upon such occasions. The bride was a beautiful young woman, tall and stately. She wore white satin made plain with a long train, and her veil was exquisite. The groom was not to be distinguished from his friends. The bride never takes his arm until after the ceremony at the church. A maid in plain dark clothes hurried forward to carry the bride's train to the carriage.

We were shown the House of Parliament. Adjoining, on either side, are residences belonging to the government. The senators, who are elected every four years, are required to live in these houses. Passing through the city we saw dogs in harness under the carts instead of in the shafts as in Switzerland. Everywhere we saw the wonderful horses of which Belgium is so proud. We were shown the horse market as one of the sights of the city. The annual exhibits here bring buyers from all Europe.

Coming south from Belgium there were mines and iron works, smoke and grime everywhere, as in our own industrial centres, Belgium pensions its old miners, and well it may, for they are important factors in its growth and increase of wealth.

All the way down to Paris, through the great suburb to the very limit of the city proper, there was evidence on every side of vast manufacturing interests.

After a long drive through the city we turned rather abruptly into a narrow street where we came to a halt before a quaint old building with small barred windows high up on the ground floor, a steep roof five stories up with narrow dormer windows. When shown to our rooms we passed through a lofty vaulted corridor. Many of the rooms to which our party was conducted were on the upper floors and there was no elevator. They were small and poorly ventilated. Three young ladies were taken to a narrow room with sloped ceiling on the top floor, lighted with a dormer window. My room was on the second floor, roomy, but unquestionably dingy. The house was built around a court, and the dining-room was a part of the loggia closed in with glass. The dinner was elaborate—on the menu; but true French thrift was shown in the portions served. Something was wrong, and nobody unpacked. A continental breakfast was served—coffee, rolls and butter—instead of the stipulated American breakfast. Outside inquiry disclosed the fact that this was an old monastery turned into a dollar-a-day hotel, low grade, second class. We went from the breakfast directly to the carriages for the day's drive.

At noon our gentlemen directed the guide to leave us at the Tourist's Agency Building, and an interesting time followed in the office of the officials who had made our Paris hotel arrangement. Our contract had been violated, and somebody on the ground was grafting. While this was going on, I crossed the square to a pretty tea-room for lunch. When they charged me one franc – 20 cents – for a glass of milk, I understood why French stocking legs could so readily disgorge that heavy indemnity after the war with Germany.

When we drove up to our hotel that evening about six o'clock, the carriage doors were not opened, nobody dismounted, and we wondered what was to follow, but when the porters came dumping our luggage into the carriages we knew a change was to be made. Down into the heart of the city we went, through the life and stir of a busy people; turning a corner at the Madeleine we were unloaded at a hotel just beyond and within easy reach of almost

everything desirable. We were made perfectly comfortable, and felt that now we were in Paris.

On the first day we visited the few relics of the olden time; for Paris retains only those of special interest. The Notre Dame is known the world over. The church of the Crown of Thorns is of peculiar interest because of its quaint style, and because of the tradition that the original Crown of Thorns is here preserved. The chief attractions of Paris are connected with the latter day history. The beauty of its architecture and its streets exceeds anything we had seen, and appeals to all of the artistic in one's nature. But every arch has a history, every plaza is a commemoration, every fountain marks a French triumph and every statue tells in some way of the glory of France.

We visited the Court of Justice with its prison beneath, the place where Louis XVI and his queen, Marie Antoinette, were tried and condemned; saw the prison gate through which she was led to the place of execution, and looked upon the spot where the guillotine stood. The place where the raging mob swayed and rent the air with howling execrations, is now one of the beauty spots of the earth. On the opposite side of the Place de la Concorde is the Elysee, the official residence of the President of the Republic,—once the private residence of the Napoleons.

We passed through the great Arch of Triumph, the largest in the world, down the Champs Elysees with its beautiful vistas, crossed and re-crossed the Seine to see its most famous bridges; here the guide called our attention to the high water marks of the recent great flood.

Contrary to preconceived impressions, the Latin Quarter is a very attractive part of the city. It was the home of royalty in earlier days; now it is the seat of their greatest institutions of learning. Here is the Sorbonne, that famous Parisian School of Protestant Theology; here are schools of art, of technology, of medicine and law. The Louvre and Luxemburg, where the unbridled luxury of kings and their lordly retinues bred discontent among the masses, and made the revolution possible, are now great centres of art. To walk the galleries of the Louvre and see all of its treasures one must cover seven miles.

Among the leading objects shown us here was the place from

which the Mona Lisa was stolen. The space it occupied is quite small, not more than 18x24 inches.

Our guide was careful to explain that the real Latin Quarter and that known abroad are quite different. How much of strain and stress, and how much of unconventional life goes on behind those walls, we could only guess. None of it was apparent in these wide, beautifully shaded streets with no confusion or bustle of trade, nor in the people moving about. A quiet scholastic atmosphere pervaded the place.

The Madeleine must be seen to be appreciated. The exterior differs materially from other great churches, but the interior reveals the same wonderful altars and rich adornment we had seen elsewhere. We were told that the form of service here is the highest in the world.

The Hotel des Invalids—Soldiers' Home—was founded in 1670. This being a time of peace for France, it has but eleven inmates. It has an interesting collection of military paintings, old armor and arms. The chapel is adorned with old battle flags. Napoleon, dying at St. Helena, asked to be laid to rest here among his old comrades. His magnificent tomb adjoins the chapel, just beyond is a room for the interment of the Bonaparte family.

The massive sarcophagus of the dead warrior is placed in a depression in the centre of the room, and we saw it from the level of the floor. As I looked down upon it in its gorgeous entombment, I thought of an unpretentious resting place among the trees on a far-away hillside, where rests our heroic dead—Washington. "The world passeth away and the lusts thereof—but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

ON THE ROYAL ROAD.

Early one morning we drove out the Champ de Elysees to the Bois de Boulogne, an immense heavily timbered park, and were shown its points of special attraction. Among these is a palace set back among the trees, built in one month by Louis XVI for Marie Antoinette. Some distance from the roadway are the ruins of St. Cloud—the only ruins we were shown in Paris; the Bastile and Tuileries have disappeared entirely. We passed Longchamps, the famous race course.

Paris is situated in a valley surrounded by hills. One of

these begins at the outer limit of the park, and as we ascended the rising ground we passed through the thriving town of Bologne—a centre of automobile building. This royal road to the city of Versailles is lined with country seats and busy villages. The last long hill brought us to the summit where we rested the horses among curio dealers who seemed to consider us their lawful prey. From this point our route lay through a pretty rolling country of grain fields and market gardens. We passed a "Home for Disabled Ironworkers," founded and maintained by a wealthy ironmaster of Paris. Clean, contented looking old men lounged in the shade and pottered about the fine grounds.

VERSAILLES.

This city of 60,000 is an administration town. The elections are held here. It is a home of the rich, and of the people necessary to its maintenance. The original town was partly torn down to make room for homes for the court.

Entering the woods of the great park, we first visited the Petit Trianon, built by Louis XV, and afterward the favorite abode of Marie Antoinette. Many traces remain of the unfortunate queen. Some of the original furniture is still in the rooms she occupied; the other pieces are reproductions. Her jewel case is still in its place in her bedroom. Everywhere are pictures, statuary and ornamental pieces of priceless value. The Gobelin tapestries are especially interesting. The making of these is controlled by the government, and they can only be obtained by official permit.

In the carriage house we saw the various conveyances used by royalty, from the sedan chair and sledges of remote ages, to the gorgeous gilded carriages of Napoleon III and Eugenie. Many of them were built for a special occasion—a marriage, a christening, or a coronation—and never used afterward. Around the walls in glass cases hang the saddles, bridles and glittering harness of the most luxuriously extravagant period since the fall of the Roman Empire. In a cluster of trees not far away stands the little cottage where Marie Antoinette and her ladies amused themselves as dairymaids.

A drive through the park brought us to the city and the Grand Trianon. This palace was built by Louis XIV for Madame Maintenon, and was used afterward by successive sovereigns as a

county residence. It is built of hewn stone and extends along the sides and across the upper end of a large stone-paved rectangular court. Approached on the lower side through the court, it has the appearance of a military barrack. The central building across the elevation is adorned with stone balconies, carvings and other ornamentation.

Passing through the ground floor of this part of the palace we came out upon a wide terrace. Here the most conspicuous object is a massive stone-rimmed fountain with mythological statuary. A wide stone stair-way leads down to the grounds below—the wonderful garden of Versailles, which extends as far as the eye can reach, a panorama of bewildering vistas. Here are magnificent trees, beautifully shaded drives and walks, artificial lakes, elaborate fountains in which marble nymphs disport, groups of statuary,—a veritable fairy land.

LOUIS XIV.

This wonderful creation absorbed millions of the public money. The working class was compelled to give without renumeration, certain days of the week to its construction, and all soldiers not in the field were employed upon it.

The best that money could buy or art produce was used in furnishing this palace. During the Revolution the most of it was sold and the gold minted. After the restoration some of the furniture was recovered and others duplicated,—gilding being substituted for gold—but the new pieces were almost as expensive as the original. Everything is now the property of the Republic and is open to the public.

Louis XIV came to the throne a child, and reigned seventy-two years, so long that he finally proclaimed himself immortal. He was probably the vainest man that ever ruled a nation. He was vain of his power, of his possessions, of his long life; but vainest of all of his personal appearance. It was not pride, for that implied a degree of dignity; it was a silly, childish vanity that increased with his years. In every room in that great palace this king is portrayed in painting or marble in some striking costume or pose. He was very proud of his flowing curly locks. As time began to change them he wore wigs. He had wigs of all colors and styles—ninety in all—and changed them as often as five times a day. In

one room his portrait in bas relief is adorned with one of the original wigs--light-yellow hair mixed with grey.

We entered the bedroom of Louis XVI from which he was called that fearful day when the mob from Paris filled the court below, and demanded that the royal family return to the city and care for the starving people. We saw the balcony from which he made the promise, and the nearby window in which the queen appeared with the dauphin to appease the furious outbreak.

Their criminal indifference to the needs of the nation brought the royal pair back to the selfish luxurious life of the Trianon, and led to the storming of the palace We passed up the "Queen's Stairway" leading to her private apartment, where, in beating back the mob to cover her flight, the brave Swiss guards lost their lives. Just beyond is her bedroom from which the escape was made down a private stairway, the door of which is so concealed that it seems a part of the wall.

Napoleon lived here with Josephine. Their rooms are almost as they left them; they still contain some personal belongings of the royal pair. When Queen Victoria visited this palace after the divorce, she was shown to Josephine's bedroom. "This," she said, "is too fine for me."

The Hall of Mirrors is an immense salon richly adorned, the floor is of polished marble. Here Napoleon slipped and fell when dancing with Queen Victoria. One entire side is lined with mirrors, and the opposite side is of glass, giving a view over the terrace below of the wonderful garden beyond.

BACK TO PARIS.

We lunched in Versailles, and for the first time on the continent, were served with uncooked tomatoes, cucumbers and celery. We returned to Paris through Sevres, the town of the great china potteries, and other interesting sections We passed ancient fortifications, saw remains of the old city wall and drove through the old section of the city, reaching our hotel after a drive of thirty miles so full of interest, that mind and body were tired out in the effort to grasp it all.

Report of wonderful bargains in gloves, however, sent two of us scurrying down the shopping district before the closing of the

stores, only to discover that prices had reached American heights, and we turned wearily homeward.

We looked in vain for exaggerated dress among the French women. They are well, but modestly dressed. The trimming is rather more elaborate than here, and the material generally better; but the extremes we see in our inland towns, and read of in Paris, are not encountered there except on the streets after nightfall.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

The day was perfect, not unlike our early June, although we were in the closing days of July. We joined a party who were making an early start to have time for the service at the Madeliene, which we would pass on our way to the English service at the Wesleyan church not far beyond. At the gateway to this famous place of worship we passed a line of peddlers of postcards, souvenirs, curios and periodicals, and a motley crowd of haggard beggars.

Climbing the wide marble steps to the portico, we passed between the great Corinthian columns into the vestibule, and stood within the entrance of the church proper. At an altar nearby a clergyman was conducting the service; his glittering mitre and magnificent sacerdotal robes in perfect keeping with the gorgeous surroundings. Here and there groups sat or knelt devoutly. A thin line of worshippers passed in to their seats, bowed a short time reverently, then passed out as quietly as they came. A spirit of quiet devotion prevailed, in strong contrast to the un-Sabbathlike scene without.

A few squares beyond we entered the English Wesleyan church. It is a plain but substantial building in the middle of a block. The audience room on the second floor is comfortable and seats about three hundred. The service was conducted by the pastor, a fine specimen of English Methodism. The only unfamiliar feature was the gown he wore in the pulpit. The sermon was excellent and was made unusually impressive by a perfect delivery, and the fine personality of the speaker. At its close he gave a welcome to the strangers present, and a brief talk on the condition of the church. Among other things he spoke of the heavy tax required by the government—a tax equal to the average salary our ministers receive. No direct appeal was made for help, but his statement had its effect when the usual collection was taken. After

the service we were introduced to the minister and found him a most affable gentleman.

THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

Those of us who were booked to return to Boston on the Bohemian from Liverpool, were privileged to take a night boat from Havre to Southampton, thereby gaining an additional day in London. This is a long crossing but it meant a night's sleep with probable escape from sea-sickness. Those who would visit Scotland after London, were to take a train the following morning for Dieppe and make a shorter crossing in a rougher sea. I joined the night party, leaving Paris about 8:30. About twenty-five miles out our train stopped in open country. Investigation proved that we were behind a freight wreck. The waiting was long and tedious, and visions of sleep on the boat and the extra day in London grew dim. We were assured, however, that the steamer always waited for the night train.

Many of the native passengers began to appear on the outside, and that suggested to some of our folks that the outside might be interesting and they joined the promenade. From my window I observed the French fashion of beguiling the idle hours in the moonlight, and soon noticed the reappearance in the train of our American friends. The flirtations outside within my range of vision were sufficient explanation.

After a long tiresome waiting another train pulled in beside ours, we were to be transferred. The doors to European cars being in the side and opening into each compartment, passing from one train to another is not difficult. The doors of each train were opened and we stepped across the narrow space between into the opposite cars.

Chance brought our group of five into a compartment designed for eight, which already held two, but two of our ladies required space for three. By the time we were comfortably settled a French couple came in. The man passed through, but the little woman dropped down into the space for three, almost in the lap of one of our stout friends. Then she began to wiggle and twist to make room for herself, to the accompaniment of voluble French and pointings to the three of us in the opposite seat. Our folks gave no sign that they saw or heard. In apparent despair she turned

her French on her two compatriots. They replied in a perfectly courteous manner, but showed no disposition to interfere. The gentleman whom we found in the compartment had helped us to get settled. He spoke excellent English and explained that this road having run down, had been taken under government control so recently that delays were still frequent. The wiggling and contortions for room kept up, and those two fun-loving, keen-witted "Yankees" sat in stolid silence, never moving a muscle of face or body, and never yielded an inch of the space their aggregated four hundred pounds required. The ludicrous situation was a severe strain on our politeness until the waspish little woman finally gave up the struggle, and made the best of the small space possible for her accommodation.

Our progress was slow and the stops were frequent. We had a starlight view of Rouen as we passed through, and regretted that our long wait had not occurred there that we might have visited the place made famous by the burning of Joan of Arc. The night was nearly gone when we reached Havre, but the waiting carriages rushed us through the city to the dock. I had prided myself on my seamanship, and had no desire to break my record on the Channel. The rolling of the vessel as it got underway gave speed to feet and fingers and I was soon in bed.

When I waked next morning the sun was shining in my port across a glittering sea as quiet as a mill pond. I hurried into my clothes, got my belongings in order, and went up to one of the best breakfasts I ever ate; then out on deck to watch for the green headlands of old England. My friend and I found a sheltered place in which to sit and drink in the exhilarating air.

It was strange to be possessed with a home-coming feeling, as we waited for a land we had never seen to loom up along the horizon. To one of English ancestry it was an instinctive primeval sense of getting to one's own. And there at last it lay; at first like a long bank of low-lying clouds, then gradually took shape and color as we drew nearer. The sea was dotted with fishing smacks and schooners, their white sails like huge gull wings, filling before the wind. We skirted the coast for miles, passing the Isle of Wight which brought to mind Osborne House and the passing of Queen Victoria. Then, through the shipping of Southampton, reached our dock and the inevitable custom house. Here an

inspector asked if I had any perfumery. I said "No." "Open your hand bag, please." I did it. A look into my face, then "that is all" and he marked up the whole lot. What he saw in my face that passed my baggage I can't imagine, unless it was pure unsophistication.

UP TO LONDON.

Before leaving the custom house we exchanged our French money for its English equivalent—with the comforting thought that the next change would be to dollars and cents. Every foot of the way to London is of interest. The country is level and well cultivated. Men were busy in the fields but not with the primitive implements of Italy. Horses and wagons take the places of oxen, donkey and carts. There were the red tiled cottages that seemed to hug the earth, the lanes bordered with hedge rows, the more pretentious homes in more conspicuous situations, the picturesque railroad stations, all as we had read of and expected to see.

As we entered the city on an elevated road the travelled lady of our coterie called out, "Look out for the chimney pots of London!" And there they were, two on every chimney—and there was a forest of chimneys—on every red roof as far as the eye could reach in every direction.

Coming out into the great Waterloo Station we found the carriages and the local conductors waiting. We were booked here for the Westminster and when we were being put into Palace Hotel conveyances we stepped back. There had been one change in the program and that was sufficient. "Wait until you see the place," the guide suggested, and we consented. The long drive through the city made me long for a thousand eyes instead of a thousand tongues, and the one tongue I had felt that it would try to do its duty by the eyes if I only had them.

Our driver was a most satisfactory guide and everything of note in sight was pointed out. There was St. Paul, a grand smoke-stained building dominating the city; then the river with its traffic, the Waterloo bridge, Cleopatra's needle, the Strand, and the ever-flowing tide of humanity in the busy streets. We drove out to the West End, passed Hyde Park to the entrance to the grounds of Kensington Palace, where we dismounted at the hotel adjoining. Here we found every comfort possible in hotel life, and the sound of our mother tongue all about us was like hearing from home.

LONDON.

The streets of this city are unlike those we had seen before, and yet it is difficult to point out the difference. The absence of car lines, except in some out-lying sections, gives an unbroken surface to its thoroughfares. Motor vehicles of all descriptions and for all purposes have almost entirely superseded the old methods of transportation. The horses are fine, almost equal to those of Belgium, but the day of their supremacy is over. No where had we seen such a constant stream of life as flows through its business centres, and the marvel of it all is the absence of confusion or congestion. Everything turns to the left and moves like an orderly procession.

The supreme authority in London streets is the policeman. Silent but alert, at the first indication of a jam he raises his hand and everything in sight from the King's carriage to the humblest cart, stops, and not a wheel turns until the signal is given. Oxford and Regent streets, as seen from the top of a bus on a bright afternoon, eclipse anything to be seen in New York or Paris.

The money question was less difficult here as we were somewhat familiar with pounds, shillings and pence. And still the broad "a" and the peculiar inflection were often disconcerting. For example, one conversation I heard ran like this: "How much for this?" "Tuppence ha' penny, Miss." "I beg pardon." "Tuppence ha' penny." Will you please spell it?" "T-w-o-p-e-n-c-e h-a-l-f-p-e-n-n-y." "O thank you." Then a mental calculation—"Two pence, that's four cents, half penny, one cent—five cents." With lira, franc and mark we lost a fraction every time, but the shilling being equivalent to our quarter, placed us on safe ground.

Because of the frequent stops, long waiting at times, and many deviations from established routes, our sight-seeing was done in horse drawn vehicles which accommodate about twenty-five persons. They are entered from the rear, bus fashion, but are much higher, giving a fine view from the open sides.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In order to understand the peculiarities of this the greatest Protestant Cathedral, one must keep in mind its history. The early data is enshrouded in myth and tradition; the reputed founder died in 616 A. D. and his tomb is still shown. More

authentic history begins with Edward the Confessor who is considered the founder of the Abbey. It was consecrated in 1065. William the Conqueror, Edward's successor, was crowned here, and it has been since that time the scene of the coronation of every English sovereign, and of the burial of many of them.

From the time of the Confessor to the Reformation the Abbey was a church and monastery, with the usual accessories of college hall, Abbot's house, cloisters, refectories and kitchen. On the dissolution of the great monasteries it became a Cathedral church, but was turned into an Abbey again by Queen Mary. On the accession of Elizabeth to the throne it became a Collegiate church permanently. Here as elsewhere in ancient public buildings with a history of unbroken service, are reflected the ideals of many periods; here art is seen in all stages of development, from the crude carvings of the early days to the masterpieces of medieval and modern art. We saw the altar, the scene of the crowning of kings and queens, the quaint, time-scarred coronation chair with the famous Scone stone beneath the seat; we sat "in the seats of the mighty" who have witnessed great epoch-making events, gazed at the wonderful windows that throw their many-hued lights over all, then wandered among the tombs of the dead and gone who helped to make the nation great.

Here Elizabeth and Mary lie in noble sepulture almost side by side, in perfect peace with each other. The tombs of ancient kings are worn and black with age, the figures on many of them bearing the marks of vandal hands. This section of the Abbey is so crowded that passing through is sometimes difficult. In fact everywhere artistic arrangement seems to have been sacrificed to expediency. A visit of a few hours can give little beyond a general idea of this world renowned sanctuary for the living and the dead. The Poets' Corner, the tombs of Wesley and other illustrious dead in whom we have special interest, would have held us indefinitely if time had allowed.

ST. PAUL.

Next in interest we count this, the largest Protestant church in the world. The first church on this site dates back to 610. The old building was two hundred years in construction. One can readily imagine the hindrances in all these years through changing ecclesiastic administrations as well as those of state, the gathering

of funds and the tedious processes of the times. And then the Great Fire of 1666 swept it away. Christopher Wren rebuilt it and his body lies in the great crypt below. On his tomb we read: "If you would read my epitaph look about you." Here also lie buried Lord Nelson, Wellington, Turner, Landseer, Sir Arthur Sullivan and many others of world-wide fame. The floor of this crypt—the largest in the world—was laid by female convicts.

The arrangement of the sculpture here does not crowd and detract from the beauty of the interior as in the Abbey, where many a wonderful arch and column with most delicate tracery of carving is hidden by a great tomb or monument of doubtful fitness in a sacred place. Here space, light and position are so admirably chosen that no line of beauty is lost and every work of art is seen at its best. The tomb of the Duke of Wellington by Alfred Stevens is considered the finest work of its kind in England.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Great is Westminster! Great is St. Paul! But greatest of all in interest to all classes of people is the Museum. They record the history of England; the Museum lays bare the history of the world. Prehistoric ruins have given up their hidden treasures, and from tablets of stone and baked clay, from ancient obelisk and parchment, great archaeologists have read the progress of humanity from the Babylonian account of the flood, found at Nineveh, to the times within the memory of man

I should have been greatly disappointed if I had not seen the Rosetta Stone. It is a slab of black basalt found in ruins near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. On it is an inscription, first in hieroglyphics—the writing of the priests,—then in the characters used by the people, and the last in Greek, which was readily read, and which proved to be a translation of the hieroglyphics. Thus a key was found to ancient records that proved the authenticity of important events in Bible history.

The Elgin marbles are of universal interest, comprising as they do the bulk of the remaining decorations of the Parthenon. These are recognized as the finest specimens of existing sculpture.

In the time at our disposal we could only look for the things we most desired to see; but we walked and gazed in this wonderful place until tired bodies rebelled, and we left it with the hope that

some time in the future an opportunity might come to us to visit the great library and other sections we had been compelled to pass by.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Leaving the Museum, which Ruskin pronounced "the greatest concentration of human knowledge in the world," we visited the National Gallery. It contains twenty-two rooms with over 1600 pictures arranged in schools, and is built on a wide terrace overlooking Trafalgar Square. From the grand colonnade at the entrance are seen Nelson's Monument with the four Landseer lions at its base, a statue of Charles I, Charing Cross, fountains, and St. Martin's church where Nell Gwyne is buried.

The modern British pictures are displayed at Tate Gallery. There we saw the original painting, "The Doctor," copies of which are so often seen in American schools of medicine. The Wallace Collection in Manchester Square is a favorite visiting place of Americans. It is one of the latest and best additions to the wonderful galleries of London. Here at the entrance, we were obliged to check all hand-bags and parcels because the Suffragette was abroad in the land.

The Royal Exchange, Bank of England and Mansion House are all within a stone's throw. The open space between is the busiest spot in London, and is honey-combed with subways for nervous foot-passengers.

Old Bailey recalled the imprisonment of Pickwick; Bow Church, that of Whittington and his cat. Everyone born within sound of Bow Bells is a "cockney;" but the tribe will soon be extinct for the homes are rapidly giving place to business houses. Old London bridge brought back a game of childhood—"London bridge is falling down." London monument near by commemorates the Great Fire. Tower bridge built to relieve congestion carries over, on an average, 30,000 foot passengers and 10,000 vehicles a day.

Albert Memorial is quite near the Palace Hotel, and Albert Hall, a large circular building, is in the same section. It seats 10,000 people and contains the largest organ in the world.

THE TOWER.

We visited Smithfield, the scene of martyrdom in the days of religious strife, and old St. Bartholomew nearby, the oldest church in the city, and the finest specimen of Early Gothic in England. The Houses of Parliament, Natural History Museum, the Zoological Gardens in Regent Park, City Road Chapel—the Mecca of Methodism—and the Horse Guards at Whitehall all claimed time and were of absorbing interest. But to all English blood, however remote the ancestry, nothing appeals as strongly as London Tower.

The name naturally suggests one massive erection strongly fortified; but when we learn that eighteen acres are enclosed within its walls, and recall the many purposes it has subserved—that of fortress, royal residence, prison and treasury—and see instead of one tower, a forest of towers, we begin to have an adequate conception of this great landmark.

The central keep—the original White Tower—was built by William the Conqueror for the control and protection of the city, and was used as a palace by all the kings down to Charles II. Here was planted the germ of the national life. This building and its grounds are defended by a massive wall with thirteen towers. The outer wall has six towers on the river side, and three strong bastions on the north. The Moat, now dry, encircles the whole. Within the enclosure are the homes of the officers in charge, barracks, parade grounds, paved walks and squares, and the Chapel where lie eight bodies, the victims of the ax—among them that of Lady Jane Grey, the place of her execution is marked with a tablet on the "Green."

At the entrance to the Bloody Tower near the Traitor's gate, we passed the Beefeaters—the yeomen of the guard—in their quaint medieval uniform. We seemed to hear the sighs and moans of past ages as we passed through those vaulted gateways, and climbed the steep narrow stairs to the tower rooms from which men and women of our race looked their last upon life, merely because they stood in somebody's way. In a large circular room in Beauchamp Tower we saw the many inscriptions cut in the walls by prisoners awaiting their doom.

THE ARMORY AND CROWN JEWELS.

Here every weapon of offense and defense, from the stone ax to the latest invention is displayed. All kinds of armor are seen, from the quilted garment to elaborate chain and armor plate of Eastern origin. Armored horsemen make up a large part of this display.

In a well-lighted circular room of Wakefield Tower we saw the Crown Jewels. They are arranged in a large double case in the center of the room. The king's crown is the top piece, arranged below are the crowns of several queens and the coronet of the Prince of Wales. The display includes the articles used in the coronation ceremony, and all the glittering objects which form the English Regalia. There are also collars, stars, badges, all the insigna of knighthood, and the Victoria Cross. In the centre is a model of the Kohinoor in its original setting. The room is carefully guarded, and admission is by ticket. No parcels or hand-bags pass the outer gate.

MADAME TUSSAUD.

A visit to London is not complete without an inspection of this famous display of wax work. It was founded ninety years ago by Madame Tussaud, a French woman who modeled the heads of many of the victims of the French Revolution.

Here are displayed in wax the eminent and the notorious of the past and present, in many cases in the actual clothes worn by the persons represented. The Royal Group is worth close study. There stands Henry VIII with his wives and members of his court, all in the elaborate costumes of the period. Our country is represented by a group of our presidents, and not far away is a seated presentment of Harry Thaw.

The Chamber of Horrors is a test of nerve. Among the gruesome objects is a victim strapped to the guillotine with the ax suspended for the blow; counterfeiters at work, an opium den with he devotees in all stages of stupefaction, the felon in his cell,—all so realistic that one almost shivers recalling the sight. We turned for relief to the more pleasing illustrations of historical events and social life.

While our party was gathering at the entrance for the return to the hotel, a doorkeeper was asked about the route we should take. He gave the information and explained many objects about

us. He said "Almost every day a new specimen is placed. Now just to-day a figure representing a city guard was brought in but is not yet in position. I'll show it to you." And we followed to a handsome figure in new uniform standing attention. We were profuse in praise of the perfect imitation of life. A little California lady stepped closer to inspect the face and pronounced it "the most natural coloring in the whole exhibition." Just then the effigy gave a start—the compliment was too much for him—and we all jumped (and screamed I'm afraid) as though a bomb had exploded in our midst. The guard and his fellow-conspirator laughed as heartily as if it had been the first time they had played that trick.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

The last night in London was a time of sorrowful good-byes. Some of our company were to remain longer, others were to go to Scotland. The remainder took an early train next morning to catch the Bohemian sailing from Liverpool about noon. The country north differs little from that to the south of London, though the towns of the manufacturing sections are larger, more bustling and dingy.

At Liverpool our train carried us along the docks through a world of shipping to the very gangplank of our ship. Having found our staterooms we returned to the deck to see the city which lies along the river like a beautiful panorama. Passing down the Irish Sea we had a convoy of myriads of sea gulls. The air was filled with their fluttering white wings. With the Irish coast on one side and that of Wales on the other, they never left us until having passed the Fastnet Lighthouse, Ireland's "farthest south," we came out into the open Atlantic.

Our ship was smaller than the Canopic, but as well fitted, and wonderfully steady. Every courtesy was shown us, and we were made as comfortable as the somewhat crowded condition allowed. Many of us were old friends by this time, and being fewer in number a home-like feeling prevailed. The never relaxing vigilance of officers and crew imparted such a sense of security that neither wind nor fog dampened the spirits of the party. When driven inside by the weather the time passed pleasantly in the library with music, readings, conversation and fancy work. Every morning a "Travel Talk" was held which was a wonderful means of refreshing the memory.

Every evening had its general assembly. The program was always interesting and sufficiently varied to suit everybody, from the "grave and reverend seigniors" to the jolly college boys and girls. The last evening out a bazaar was held, in which all the pretty and curious things picked up on the tour were displayed. It was certainly a festive time, and lacked only the Christmas greens to be an old time holiday fair—minus the sales, of course.

Then came preparations for going ashore,—packing up, filling out declaration papers for the custom house, and searching railroad schedules for the earliest trains out from Boston. Finally while anchored in the harbor we filed before an official for identification, verifying the papers we had filled before the outward voyage. Uncle Sam keeps a watchful eye on his children when they go from home.

As we passed down the gang directly into the custom house we were greeted with waving hats and handkerchiefs, and to many, the smiles of waiting friends.

And thus ended a pilgrimage, unique in history because of its purpose in bringing together the ends of the earth in a great religious gathering; because of the unfailing wisdom of its planning and execution, wherein every possible emergency was provided for beforehand, and because of the abundant opportunities given to see the countries through which we passed.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, of all the delegations that left this country, not one person had died, not one was left behind because of disability, nobody had suffered from accident, and cases of sickness were very rare; I know of but one serious case and he came home with us full of life and energy.

While none of us love our country less because of what we saw abroad, the effect of such a tour is the broadening of views of life and humanity, and a fuller realization of the fact that the Creator "made of one blood all the nations of men."

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